The Bystander. No. 28. Vol. III. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1904

6d. Supplement: LIFE PICTURES OF JAPAN. 6

THE BYSTANDER

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 28.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 15, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Lady Duff-Gordon

As "Madame Lucile" Lady Duff-Gordon has achieved a position among the leading modistes of the day. Her younger sister is Mrs Clayton Glyn, the well-known author of "The Visits of Elizabeth"

No. 28.—Vol. III.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste paper basket.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care shou'd, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

June 15, 1904

It is now a little over six months since we made our first bow to the public. It was, in its way, a modest bow. The fact had not been shrieked from the housetops for six months previously, and we did not attempt to bluff our readers into believing that, for the nimble sixpence, we were going to publish a journal which would paralyse the world.

Yet it is pleasant to be able to feel that our efforts, such as they have been, are appreciated by the public, for undoubtedly this has been the case. Each week, since its commencement, the circulation of THE BYSTANDER has gone steadily upward, until now it has reached a figure which is very gratifying to those whose faith was responsible for its inauguration. Our friends have felt that THE BYSTANDER —to use an honest old aphorism—has filled a long-felt want. As a start, you certainly get quantity for the money. The usual reproach to an illustrated weekly journal, that the letterpress is not worth reading, and that, after the pictures have been glanced at, it is worthless, does not, we trust, apply with us. It has been our consistent effort to make this journal really literary; and if the unsolicited testimonials we have received from among our readers are worth anything—and we feel they are—these efforts have not been wasted.

It is our aim to be the first to present anything interesting in the realms of journalism to our patrons. Those who have read our fiction will admit that it has attained a high standard: we were successful in obtaining from Mark Twain one of the funniest efforts even his charmed pen has ever written (apropos of Mark Twain, we deeply regret to hear of the death of his wife, for whom the distinguished writer bore an almost idyllic love); and now we are shortly about to publish articles penned for us by Miss Marie Corelli. Whether our readers appreciate this stirring author or not, there is little doubt that she commands a great influence by reason of her immense following of sincere admirers.

It would be idle to deny that this latest enterprise has cost a good deal of money. But we believe that enterprise of this nature is appreciated by the public, who very quickly distinguish between publications giving good value for the money, and those which do not. We hope that, commencing with Miss Corelli's articles, the first of which has had to be postponed from next week to three weeks later, THE BYSTANDER will get into the hands of many thousands of people to whose homes it has not yet been introduced. But we trust our readers will aid us in this effort. Any reader who will send on his copy to a friend who would be a likely future subscriber, and who may not yet be a reader of THE BYSTANDER, would assist us greatly. If those who prefer to keep their copies for binding would send us a postcard, giving the name and address of any friend, or friends, who would be likely to appreciate the paper, on our part we will gladly post a copy free in order to introduce it to them.

For, when all is said and done, we feel that this journal is deserving of a place in every home of refinement. THE BYSTANDER is thoroughly abreast of the times, and each number deals fully with the more interesting events of the week. Sport, generally, is more fully dealt with than in any other illustrated paper, while the world of woman is looked after by ladies who hold deservedly high positions in the world of journalism.

We trust the reader will forgive this frank allusion to ourselves this week. As a rule, we shrink from forcing advertisements of ourselves upon our readers; but THE BYSTANDER is a great success, more successful, perhaps, than we ever dared to hope for, but we naturally desire to add to our circulation, and the high criterion we have set ourselves to live up to, and the efforts we make to enable our readers to get the very latest and smartest ventures in journalism, deserve, we venture to think, to be as widely known as possible, and we are confident that appreciation will follow. Our readers can help us best by introducing THE BYSTANDER in the manner suggested, for the more readers we have, the merrier.

THE EDITOR.

We regret that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, we shall have to postpone, for three weeks, the publication of the series of articles on Modern Life, Manners and Society, by Miss Marie Corelli, announced to commence in our next issue (June 22).

"S.L.H." On "Gowf"

The other day I saw a worthy Scottish member of Parliament stalk gloomily from the Lobby, wagging his hon. head, beating his legislative breast, and exclaiming, "Man, its a' over, and we're just done for. A Yankee chap has won the Amateur 'Gowf' Championship—and if only I were not an elder of the Kirk, aiblins I could say what I think of that man." I can well understand the feeling of depression which the news caused among Scotsmen, for this game is recognised as peculiarly their own. The Americans themselves take that view. Mr. Dooley, that great exponent of the American view of things in general, leaves no doubt on that point. In his masterly essay on golf (or "goluf," as he prefers to call it), this little passage has peculiar value to-day:

> "Th' best players is called scratch-men."
> "What's that f'r?" Mr. Hennessy asked.
> "It's a Scotch game," said Mr. Dooley, with a wave of his hand.

And now one of Mr. Dooley's fellow-citizens has come over here and has wrested the supremacy from the champions of this island. Well may Caledonia feel stern and wild!

The student of history who notes curious coincidences, will not have lost sight of the fact that when the American colonies threw over the Old Country, one of the first encounters between the British and the Americans was at Bunker's Hill. When General Howe and General Putnam met there in June, 1775, they probably had no idea that in June, 1904, the champions of Britain and America would meet by other bunkers in the old country in another struggle for supremacy The word "bunker" has now a more grim significance than ever in Anglo-American relationships.

It is curious and noteworthy also that the land of George Washington should show pre-eminence in a game that recognises and illustrates the advantage of "a good lie." Washington himself is always supposed to have been incapable of a lie of any sort, but lived before the great and enterprising American press reached its present stage of marvellous development. Possibly it is the fact that we have been beaten in this game, which owes so much to the goodness or badness of the lie, that causes such bitter chagrin in Parliamentary circles.

Of course we have the consolation of knowing that the country that has beaten us learnt the game from us originally. So far as I am concerned this is not very consoling, after all. A headmaster who is soundly thrashed by the big boy of the school may of course reflect, during the operation, that he first taught his assailant how to do it, but I doubt whether such a reflection brings much real comfort to the victim. On the contrary, the sensation must be somewhat similar to that of the "struck eagle," which

> Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
> And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.

I am told that Mr. Travis, the American gentleman, who has done this great deed, distinguished himself chiefly by "putting." Now Mr. Dooley, whom I have already quoted, makes it quite clear that "putting" was introduced into America from this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, he claims that the trick was known in the land of his birth—Ireland. He says:

> "I tell ye I used to go out in th' avenin' an' putt me mashie like hell-an'-all, till I was knowed fr'm wan end iv th' country to th' other as th' champeen putter. I putted two men fr'm Roscommon in wan day, an' they had to be took home on a dure."

So there is nothing new about putting.

The same authority shows that they know all about caddies in America. He says, in a passage showing illuminating insight and perspicacity:

> "Ye have a little boy followin' ye, carryin' ye'er clubs. Th' man that has th' smallest little boy it counts him two. Th' little boys is called caddies; but what th' little boys calls th' players 'd not be fit f'r to repeat."

From this we may gather that in America they have learnt what an important part language plays in this royal and antient game. In that great country, language is naturally very extensive. There is room for it to develop, and, just as their tales are tall, so their remarks are sometimes very broad.

In spite of all this, Mr. Dooley makes it quite clear that the influence of Scotland counts for much, even in American "goluf," at the present day. He supposes that a man is playing a losing game, and he gives this advice by which the balance may be redressed:

> "Ye ask him if he was iver in Scotland—if he wasn't, it counts ye five. Thin ye tell him that ye had an aunt wanst that heerd th' Jock iv Argyle talk into a phonograph; an', onless he comes back an' shoots it into ye that he was wanst run over be th' Prince iv Wales, ye have him groggy."

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs. The American who succeeds in playing her old and famous game has to rely in some way on the subtle influence of her land, and the dew of her mountains sometimes inspires him.

Indeed, it is notorious that the golf player, whatever may be the land of his birth, inevitably becomes, to a great extent, Scotch by absorption. It is a subtle, mysterious truth that must have impressed those who follow the game with care. As to Mr. Travis, I see it is claimed that he is an Australian by birth. If this be so, the American Eagle should hesitate before it soars aloft to scream in triumph as it turns its uncurtained eyeball on the mid-day sun. At the same time, there is no doubt about Mr. Travis being now an American citizen, and I hear it whispered that he is a hot favourite for the Presidency, being ready to give any rival candidate a considerable number of strokes.

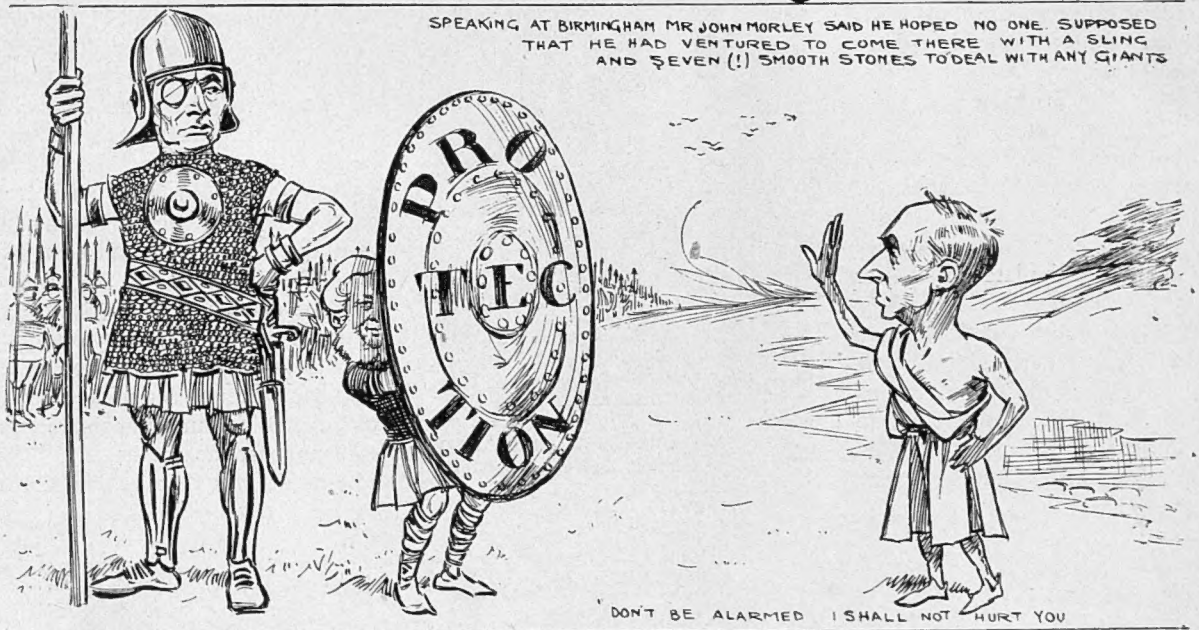
S. L. H.

The Topictator

A PLAINTIFF IN THE CITY OF LONDON COURT, WHO SPOKE WITH A STRONG GERMAN ACCENT, EXPLAINED THAT HE WAS A SCOTCHMAN AND A BRITISH SUBJECT THOUGH BORN AND EDUCATED IN FRANCE

"MINE NAME VOS JA WOHL
UPON DOSE CROMPIAN HILLS
MINE FADER HIS FLOCK FEEDS"

KING CRICKET
"UPON MY WORD, MA'AM, SOME OF THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY ARE MAKING ME APPEAR CONFOUNDEDLY RIDICULOUS."



SPEAKING AT BIRMINGHAM MR JOHN MORLEY SAID HE HOPED NO ONE SUPPOSED THAT HE HAD VENTURED TO COME THERE WITH A SLING AND SEVEN (!) SMOOTH STONES TO DEAL WITH ANY GIANTS

'DON'T BE ALARMED I SHALL NOT HURT YOU

THE RETURN OF THE PROFIT

SA-A-AY!
GIT YER MONEY READY, BRITISHERS!

BLYTH IS NOW WARNER AND WARNER IS BLITHE

F.G.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Lord Powerscourt

The new Lord Powerscourt has the unusual distinction of being the first of his race to break the malediction hanging over his family, by which it was decreed that no head of the Wingfields should ever live to see his successor come of age. He attained his majority in 1901, three years before his father's death, and the family may now feel happy in having successfully circumvented fate. He is an able young man, most popular in his regiment, the Irish Guards, and quite recently, married Sybil, the pretty and charming daughter of the late Mr. Walter Pleydell-Bouverie, who, as Mrs. Mervyn Wingfield, has made many friends in Society. Their new home in the Wicklow mountains possesses one of the most beautiful gardens probably in the world, and the large park is adorned with numbers of rare and beautiful trees, the culture and arrangement of which was one of the late Lord Powerscourt's many hobbies.

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Hon. Mervyn Richard Wingfield, M.V.O.
Who succeeds his father, the late Viscount Powerscourt

The Japanese Commander-in-Chief

The appointment of Field-Marshal Marquis Yamagata to the supreme command of the Japanese land forces, is regarded by military experts as one of the most important dispositions for the final assault on Port Arthur. The Marquis, indeed, is the first tactician of the Army, and has seen a great deal of active service in the sixty-four years of his existence. He fought with distinction as a cadet in the war of Restoration in 1867; and held the command of the Japanese army in Korea in 1894. Marquis Yamagata knows Europe well, and came over to acquaint himself with the British and French military systems so far back as the year 1869. The result was that on his return

Photo by] **Miss Winifred Emery** [*Ellis and Walery*
Who, players will be glad to learn, is now convalescent after her recent severe illness

Field-Marshal Marquis Yamagata
The veteran Japanese General, who has just been appointed to the supreme command of the land forces

Photo by *Esmé Collings*

The Marquess of Anglesey and Miss Marie Tempest

This photograph was taken when Miss Tempest's Company were playing the *Marriage of Kitty*, and represents one of the scenes in the play

home, he was entrusted with the reformation of the Japanese Army on Western lines. He has also served as Minister of War, and was at the coronation of the present Tsar, at Moscow, in 1896.

Lord Anglesey

"Meteoric" is the word which aptly describes the career of Lord Anglesey. A good deal of dazzle and glitter, of limelight and transformation effect, then extinction and total collapse. Like a good many other people in ancient and modern times, he evidently believes that money, like the widow's cruse of oil, increases by spending, and the account of his extravagance reads like a fairy tale or a page out of Monte Cristo. All the dresses used in the various stage performances he was so fond of organising, were made by the most celebrated French costumiers; his outlay on jewels was prodigious, and he is said to have spent £213,000 on them alone. Not content with broad effects only, his extravagance extended into the minutiæ of veriest detail. His braces are reported to have been made of real gold thread, with 18 carat buckles worth £30 each, and his hosiery alone cost £3,000 a year, little details which burst upon a wondering public when the facts surrounding a certain robbery were disclosed. Lord Anglesey's fortune of £110,000 a year only came to him in 1898, so that it must be acknowledged he has not wasted much time in getting through it.

Miss Winifred Emery

It is with great pleasure that one hears that Miss Winifred Emery, as it seems most natural to call Mr. Cyril Maude's charming wife, is recovering from the third operation that a cruel fate has compelled her to undergo. She has indeed had a hard time lately, and it can only be small consolation to so unselfish a woman to realise

Photo by *Barnett*

The Marchioness of Anglesey

The Marchioness is noted for her beautiful hair, which is of the real Titian hue

how greatly she has been missed. Miss Winifred Emery comes of a theatrical stock; her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all actors, and her own first appearance was made at Liverpool, when she played, as a mere child, in *The Green Bushes*. Apart from her histrionic triumphs, she is essentially a home-loving woman, and is devoted to her husband and three bonny children. Her two little daughters, Margery and Pamela, are bright and talented children; the one has already announced her intention of being an actress like her mother, while the other intends to write books.

An Old Northumberland Family

Ellingham Hall, near Chathill, and nine miles north of Alnwick, Northumberland, which was partially destroyed by fire on May 20, belongs to Sir John de Marie Haggerston, Baronet, and is the seat of the Haggerston family. Haggerston is a name of great antiquity in Scotland, and is derived from Halkerstown, in Kincardineshire. This is the third time the family residences have been destroyed by fire. The house of Sir Thomas Haggerston, Baronet, in Berwick-upon-Tweed, of which town he was governor, was burnt down in 1687, when most of the ancient deeds and writings relating to his family were destroyed, and his wife and family escaped with difficulty. The Haggerstons, of Haggerston, Northumberland, possessed large estates there at a very early period. William and Richard Haggerston are witnesses to a donation

Sir John de Marie Haggerston

Photo by *R. C. Ryan*

Professor A. K. Huntingdon on his 15-h.p. Napier

Mr. Huntingdon, who is Professor of Metallurgy at King's College, London, is one of the keenest motorists in London

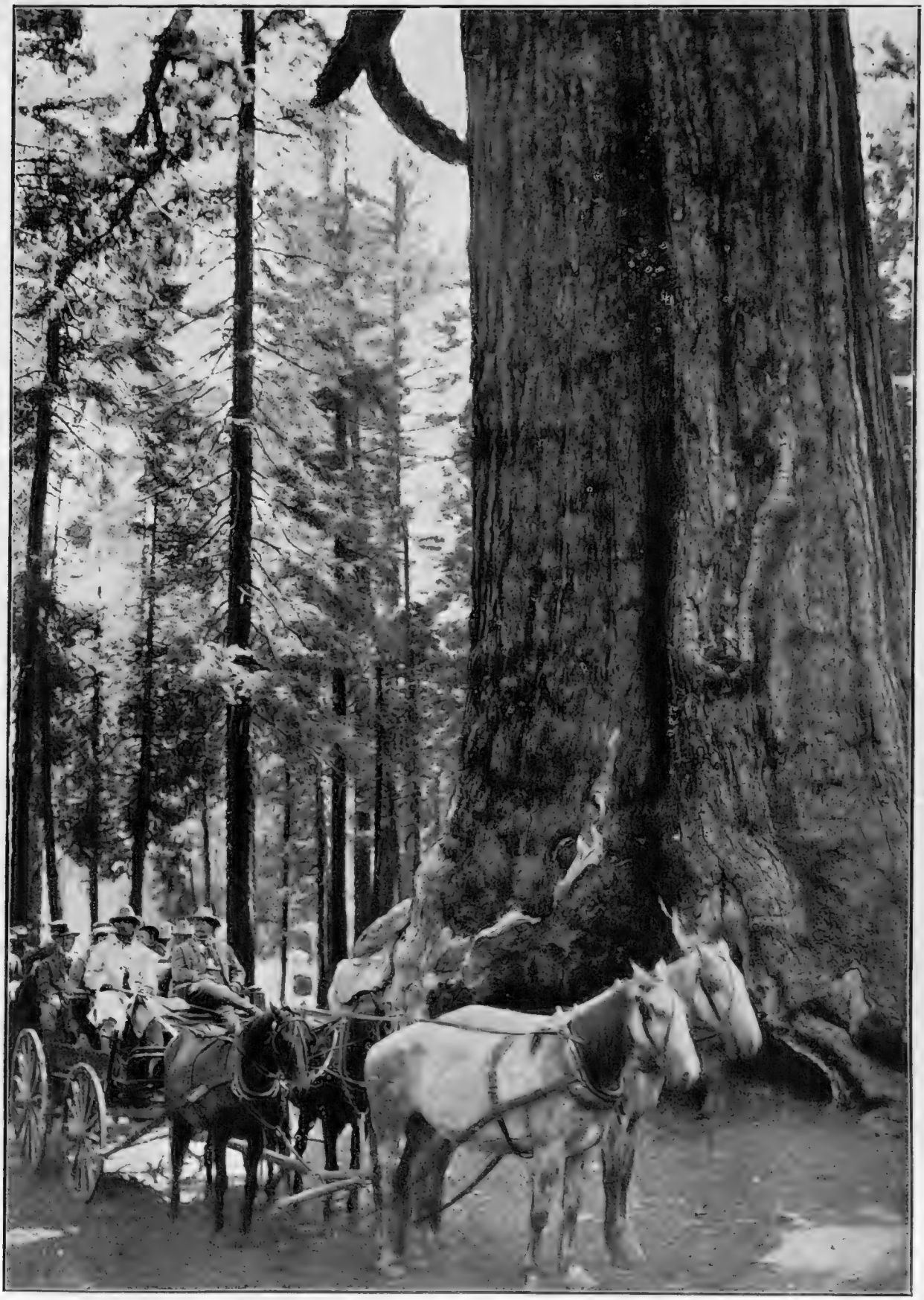


Photo by *Shepstone*

President Roosevelt among the Big Trees of California

This photograph of the President, his party, and a small escort, was taken in Mariposa Grove, California. The monster tree in the illustration, known as "Grizzly Giant," is just over 300 feet high, and has a circumference of 104 feet. The Big Trees of California number several hundreds, the largest of them attaining a height of 405 feet

in 1190, the year in which Richard Cœur de Lion set out for Palestine as a Crusader. A John de Haggerston is on record during the reign of Henry III. (1216—1272). Another John de Haggerston was one of the Scottish Barons who swore fealty to King Edward, at Berwick, in 1296, his seal and signature being among those attached to the famous Ragman Roll. The greater part of Haggerston Castle, the former seat of the family, was burnt down in 1618, but one of the old towers, which was saved, is memorable for being the place where King Edward II. received, in 1311, the homage of his turbulent and factious cousin Thomas Earl of Lancaster. Sir Thomas Haggerston, the first baronet, was colonel of the famous Northumbrian Regiment of horse and foot in the service of Charles I., and obtained the baronetcy on August 15, 1643, for his spirited loyal conduct at its head. Ellingham Hall and the adjoining estates were purchased in 1698, and became the family seat of the Haggerstons in 1831, owing to Sir Carnaby Haggerston dying, leaving an only child, a daughter, who married Sir Thomas Stanley, of Hooton, Cheshire, and who inherited Haggerston Castle and the adjoining estate. The present holder of the title is the ninth baronet. The family have always been staunch Roman Catholics, and attached to the hall is a very pretty oratory, built in 1899. The Haggerstons are connected with almost every Catholic family of importance in the country.

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Mr. P. Purcell Gilpin, "Pretty Polly's" trainer, and W. Lane, who rode her to victory in the Oaks

The Oaks: "Pretty Polly" being led in by her owner, Sir Eustace Loder

Without Apology

From statistics recently published, it appears that in no county are there a greater proportion of suicides than in Surrey. No reason for this lamentable condition of affairs is suggested. We shall, however, be pardoned for calling attention to Surrey's low position in the county championship, and also to the fact that Mr. St. John Brodrick is one of the members for the county, and as such is compelled to make speeches within its borders.

According to *Country Life* it is illegal for a member of the public to make use of the seashore for other purposes than fishing or navigation. Bathing, for instance, is an illegal act. To our mind, all this only goes to prove once more the profound knowledge of the law possessed by tramps and other gentlemen of the highway.

The two-pound trip to America is proving a great boon—to the emigrants. We are now awaiting the next reduction in fares. Some day, no doubt, a new significance will be possessed by the term "penny-a-liner."

> And the stately ships go on
> To their haven near Ludgate Hill:—

The Thames ferry boats have begun running again. Who will now dare to question England's supremacy upon the seas?

It is not generally known, by the way, that the managers of the Thames fleet are thinking of following the example of the Cunard Company and installing wireless telegraphy upon the vessels under their control. A newspaper will be printed on board, and passengers from Westminster to Blackfriars and London Bridge, may feel assured that everything will be done to keep them in touch with all that happens during the time they are absent from London.

The cab-owners have yielded. They were foolish to have held out even for a moment. They might have known what would be the result of a dispute about money with a London cabman.

The Up-to-date Housewife

According to a daily paper, the modern girl is more willing to study the theory of domestic economy than to put that theory into practice.

Yes, those are my note-books, and in them's a store
  Of useful and up-to-date knowledge,
Domestic economy, medical lore,
  And the fruits of my training at college.
Of lectures I've taken ten dozen or so
  From various eminent sages,
And there isn't a thing that a housewife should know
  Which finds not a place in those pages.

For cooking a joint, or a pie, or a cake,
  My talent is quite beyond question.
They are all guaranteed not to give you an ache
  Or to damage the weakest digestion.
I can cut out a dress and embellish the same
  With chiffon, or muslin, or satin,
And you haven't a bone in the whole of your frame
  Which I can't put a name to in Latin.

No, we're not to be married; trade prospects have grown
  So woefully dull and depressing
That Jack can't afford me a maid of my own
  Or a proper allowance for dressing.
And housekeepers, too, are so terribly dear,
  And chefs such extortions are making,
That to marry on less than two thousand a year
  Is a terribly rash undertaking.

A MAIDEN, A SAINT, AND A MAN

"Well"—the Maiden soliloquised—"they say that, sooner or later, our dreams are realised—and that we all meet our ideals. I'm waiting for mine. I've never yet seen a man who came up to the standard required. Perhaps I want too much—but, no, I don't think so. When I fall in love, it must be with someone whom I can admire and respect above everyone else in the world. He must be everything that is good, and true, and noble. I could never care for a man who was not noble. I like that word. It sounds well. I can't understand how some girls marry the creatures they do. Half of them seem absolutely blind. It's no use my trying to close my eyes to people's faults. I see them all so quickly. Pity? Yes, but it's true. No doubt it's my nature. It seems to cling so tenaciously to all that is highest and best. All things bright and beautiful and good appeal to me. Nothing less than a saint will satisfy me."

So the Maiden went on dreaming. The days flew by, and she met a Saint. She admired and respected him above everyone else in the world. He was everything that was good, and true, and noble. He had no fault. He clung tenaciously to all that was highest and best. All things bright and beautiful and good appealed to him. The Maiden recognised in him an affinity.

The man fell in love as only good men can.

The Maiden dreamed, then smiled, then sighed. She could not love the Saint. She wondered why. And her heart beat sadly, as she whispered to herself:

"'Tis because he is a Saint."

Another day passed. The Saint lingered and beheld the Maiden meet—just an ordinary, everyday Man. The Saint did not approve. The Man loved. The Maiden worshipped. Dreams were dreamed again, and the dreamer awoke to the fact that faults are easily forgiven. She forgot the Saint. She only remembered that she loved the Man. She wondered why. And her heart beat triumphantly as the Maiden whispered to herself:

"'Tis because he is a Man."

E. St. L. W.

The Play in London

Miss Tree's Début

There have been several new theatrical productions during the last week, but only one event of any artistic importance. This was the appearance of Miss Viola Tree as Viola, in *Twelfth Night*, at a special *matinée* at His Majesty's. Her performance fully justified her father's decision, by which *Twelfth Night* holds the bill for this week at the theatre. For if she can hardly be described as a finished actress, as having, in fact, the assurance of artistic method which it is the object of Mr. Tree's academy to supply to aspirants whose promotion to the place of leading lady will doubtless be less rapid than that of his own daughter, she has a very fascinating grace and charm of person, and an arresting touch of personality. Her grace of movement is very extraordinary. Those who have seen her give some of those impromptu musical movements—they are scarcely sufficiently defined to be called dances—with which she has delighted the spectators at many private entertainments and more than one charity *matinée*, will have recognised that she possesses, to a very marked degree, the instinct for the poetry of movement. But these exhibitions, beautiful as they were, did not necessarily imply a corresponding felicity in the gesture and action which illustrate the dialogue and emotion set down for her by an author. But this felicity Miss Tree unquestionably possesses.

An Engaging Personality

Her tall and willowy figure, suggestive of what those who saw Miss Ellen Terry at the beginning of her career tell of her peculiar charm, is always delightful in pose and movement, even when that movement is so undisciplined as not to be artistically quite assured, and occasionally to be almost awkward. A similar attractiveness, and a little of a similar indecision, are to be found in her facial expression and her speaking, which are always engaging and interesting, and show something more than promise, if they do not quite attain very much in definite achievement. The mobility and eloquence in the movement of her features are something more and less than competent. They are intuitively real, with a spontaneous sincerity which carries at once to the audience, and—what is far more important—with a personal magnetism which holds that audience's attention when it has been captured. The spectator is interested to watch her and to listen to her. She matters. And, after all, that, in acting, as in all the art of personal interpretation, is the final thing that counts. It should be mentioned also that she sings charmingly, with a dainty if hardly a strong voice, the song, "Come Away, Death," which Mr. Tree has transferred from the clown's part for her benefit.

The Duke of York's Theatre

The production of *The Edge of the Storm* by Mr. Forbes Robertson, at the Duke of York's Theatre, leaves one with little feeling, save one of blank amazement, that a leading actor-manager, who stands high in his art as a player, and has had sufficient experience to be supposed to have some judgment as a manager, should ever have accepted such a play. The stage must, indeed, be hard up for playwrights if this is really the best thing he can find. But it is scarcely conceivable that he should have thought it to be the best. It is more charitable to his artistic insight, though less complimentary to his artistic conscience, to suppose that Mr. Robertson, in spite of his known ambition for, and achievement in, higher things, considered that this was the sort of melodramatic stuff that would pay. He was wrong, as the event has proved, and the whole thing is one more example of how it takes a cheap man to judge cheap things cheaply, and how an artist nearly always fails when he tries to do less than his best.

A Promising Playwright

From the point of view of the author, however, it is by no means necessary to be so severe in condemnation. Although Miss Margaret Young's play shows the beginner's invariable proneness to the extremely melodramatic in construction, although she sacrifices all reality of characterisation, and consequently all interest in her characters, to this melodramatic ingenuity, and although her sense of the theatre is not yet sufficiently practised to enable her to make effective use of what might have been her quite effective story, she still shows considerable promise as a playwright. Unpractised though it is, the sense of the theatre is unquestionably there, and she will surely acquire later the faculty of so using it that the more effective situations in her plot are not enacted off the stage, and the continuous interest in her narrative is maintained with proper proportion, and without sudden and confusing kaleidoscopic changes. She also possesses a real distinction of style—a rare thing indeed in the theatre to-day—and some traces of independent and interesting thought. But for the present she sacrifices them all to fit the requirements of her puzzle plot. She must hope for better success in her next effort. The play is acted by an excellent company, among whom Mr. Forbes Robertson and his wife are both good, and Mr. Edward O'Neill and Mr. Ian Robertson interesting in minor parts. The best individual performance, however, was that of Miss Tita Braund in the part of the bold, bad instrument of vengeance. She showed a statuesque decision and an emotional force which were of the greatest value to the play.

P. C.

SACRIFICE ! ! !

Host to Guest (after the fourth day of it): "Yes, we nearly always have rabbit for dinner; not that I care for it, neither does the wife, but the cat does so like the bones"

FROM ABROAD.

La Fête-Dieu

The anti-papal policy of the French Government has involved one of the oldest religious festivals in France—*La Fête-Dieu*. Visitors to any parts of France about June 19 have always been interested in the quaint processions associated with this celebration; but in future they are not likely to see any more of these picturesque demonstrations, as the Government have put their foot down on them in their campaign against the enemies of the Republic, as they esteem the priests to be. The Fête-Dieu is one of the oldest religious festivals in France, and corresponds with the Corpus Christi in Spain. It was observed in the earliest centuries of the Christian era, and there is historical evidence of it as an ancient institution in the middle of the seventh century. Pope Urban IV., towards the close of the thirteenth century, made it a regular office of the church, but it took on, in the middle ages, all sorts of secular associations, and became a great saturnalia, lasting a week or so. It was suppressed for a time after the Revolution, and has since been limited to the procession through the streets of the towns, in which the chief priest—archbishop, bishop, or canon, as the case may be—of the town carries the brass monstrance containing the consecrated wafer, while over him is held up a canopy of rich cloth.

La Fête-Dieu
The Procession in Morlaix, Brittany

In the New York Zoological Park: Cutting a Corn on an Alligator's Foot

This operation, for which the "chiropodist" requires no less than seven assistants, not to mention ropes and pulleys, has to be performed once every three years

In the New York Zoological Park: Modelling from a live Orang-Outang

A typical "Wife"

Wives for "Sale or Exchange" in India

Among the hill-tribes of India the social status of woman is such that the cattle are better treated. A missionary, writing recently upon his tour through the hill-country, says: "Among certain castes polygamy is rampant. A member of the caste of the Swineherds, or Kulavars—a wandering hill-tribe by themselves—may have as many as twenty wives, ten of whom must beg, five must mind the swine, and five must personally attend to his personal affairs and comfort. A larger caste in Southern India—known as the Shepherds, or Eddaiars—buy their wives for half-a-dozen sheep, and sometimes possess as many as thirty wives. Among the hill-tribes of the vast northern districts matters are infinitely worse. Husbands grow tired of wives, and, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Government, surreptitiously strike bargains by which their wives are sold to other men." The extraordinary photograph of hill-women for "sale or exchange" at the Sifi Fieur Fair, here reproduced, shows a sight which can be witnessed at any of the great fairs in the more inaccessible of the northern hills. When wives are not exchanged, they are often sold for the most trifling sums. These fairs are also the resort of the fakirs and *sadus*, and other ascetics. The standing fakir, shown in our illustration, has so stood for upwards of twenty-five years, and now has to be supported by cords fastened to a pole.

A Standing Fakir

Group of Indian Hill Women "For Sale or Exchange," at the Fair of Sifi Fieur

A PRUSSIAN "FLYER" AT THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION

To lessen resistance the engine is enclosed in a structure with a front like the bows of a ship

This Train was specially built for St. Louis Exhibition by the Prussian Government. The "Flyer" attains the sensational speed of 175 kilometres (108½ miles approximately) per hour

"At the Sign of the Times"

MOSTLY ABOUT FOREIGN AFFAIRS

An Historical Event

It is pleasant to be able to record that the International Woman's Suffrage Union continues to do its excellent and enlightening work. Well-nigh ten days have passed since it was founded, at Berlin, as a result of "two days' animated debate," and provided future debates are not too animated, there seems no reason why the Union shall not enjoy a still longer life. It has plenty of old-fashioned (male) prejudice to contend with—and even more female.

A Name of Ill-omen

Unless, however, I am greatly mistaken, Mrs Chapman Catt, who was chosen first President of the doughty band, will not take rebuffs "lying down," as Mr. Chamberlain used to say in those happy days when he was a power in the State, and foreigners trembled in their shoes and caricatured us in their papers. Mrs. Catt is, I am informed, a lady of the greatest resolution, and was not alarmed by what some people regarded as rather ominous—namely, that the first man elected to membership of the Union is named Katscher.

Outraged Majesty

What the Kaiser's first expression was, when, in his own Capital City, the Women's Congress proceeded to consider Paragraph 4 which maintains that "no individual woman owes obedience to any individual man, nor do women generally owe obedience to men," I am unable to say. As the German language is notoriously deficient in terms suitable to such an occasion, it is possible that he invented a word.

Sailing at Burnham: The "Chittabob," a famous ex-24-footer

The pretty village of Burnham is the headquarters of sailing in the Essex Creeks. Certain craft are peculiar to different yachting centres. Burnham is the home, *par excellence*, of the 18-footer, though 24-footers are not unknown. The week-ender at Burnham finds the River Crouch literally dotted with these handy little boats, and can spend many an entertaining hour on the quay, or on the terrace of one of the club houses, watching the races. The "Chittabob," owned by Mr. Miller, won many a race before she was converted into a cruiser. Our illustration is from a photograph taken by Mr. Vernon Hunt, of the London Sailing Club

Speeches v. Telegrams

Presumably the Kaiser is at present engaged in composing a speech to be made during our King's visit to Kiel. The main object of that visit—says the *Berlin Post*—is to dissipate the coolness at present existing between England and Germany. No doubt that object is a praiseworthy one, since cordial understandings between nations are never to be despised. Whether it is attainable is another matter. German ways are not our ways, and German coolness is more unpleasant than an English frost. Also, more unaccountable. For one never knows that the warmest and most rhetorical of speeches will not be offset in a day or two by a barbed wire.

Curious Effect of Paralysis

The Japanese are said to have been paralysed in the fight at Wafengkau by the Cossacks' lances. It must therefore be their foresight in providing a sufficient supply of bath-chairs, which has enabled them to advance as usual.

A Strike in Barcelona

Intending visitors to Barcelona should make a point of providing themselves with adequate shaving material. The hairdressers have been on strike there, and may still be as these lines go to press. No report as to their motives for striking has as yet reached these shores, but no doubt it is the old grievance—their clients won't listen to what they have to say.

The Philanthropist

"'Ere y'are! 'Ow to make your fortune on the turf. SPOT the winner every time. Only one penny"!

Pathetic Position of the Modern Hairdresser

Some people cannot believe the intensity with which barbers resent this curtailment of their ancient privileges. The business of the barber, they say, is to shave or shampoo—not to talk: forgetting, as they turn to their *Times* or their *Daily Mail*, that the barber of old used to be more potent than either of these journals, and even more precious. Then his speech was welcome, and his art was an art. Now he may neither talk, nor exercise his genius—at least upon the heads of others. His own hair he still frizzes and makes wonderful, but the hair of his clients must be cut to pattern and brushed with a machine. No wonder "the barbers of Barcelona have gone about the city committing deeds of violence."

And of the Modern Cabman

The strike epidemic has only seized upon cabmen in our own more blessed country. The word "Fair" tastefully flaunted upon a driver's whip, prompted me the other day to indulge in the luxury of a drive. I found that "double fare" was what he wanted. Which reminds me that the taxameter system would save many heated discussions which lead to very little beyond the enrichment of the language.

A Tragedy in a Nutshell

One of the most pathetic things about the unfortunate Russians who are shut up in Port Arthur has not yet received the attention it deserves. Not one of these men is likely to be able to send his subscription to the *Times* by—what is the last available date? I am afraid I have forgotten it.

What is Restlessness?

The Doukhobours, who are now, I suppose, British citizens, though it seems strange to think of, were recently visited by Prince Ouchtomsky, of Russia. He declared that they were exhibiting a species of restlessness which was never apparent in Russia. I do not know what it is like for a thing to be apparent in Russia. But when the Doukhobours emigrated *en masse* from their native place, one would have supposed that, even to a Russian with both his eyes shut, they must have seemed just a trifle restless. To a Russian with both his eyes open, other subjects of the Little Father might seem to be in a very similar condition at present. People do get restless sometimes.

An Unlikely Event

But all that may be stopped, of course, by General Kuropatkin and Viceroy Alexeieff coming to some agreement about something. The rumour that they have already done so must be set down as a Japanese canard.

MINIMUS.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"A Later Pepys: Being the Letters of Sir William Pepys, Bart., 1771-1787, Master in Chancery, to his nephew, Mr. William Franks, Hannah More, and others." Edited by Alice Gaussen. Two vols. Illustrated. (Lane: 32*s.* net.)

"The Collected Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne." Vol. I. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.* net.) The new edition is to be completed in six volumes, and can be subscribed for only in sets.

"The Diversions of a Music-Lover." By C. L. Graves. A collection of contributions originally published in the *Spectator*, *Punch*, and other periodicals. (Macmillan.)

NEW FICTION

"The Queen's Quair; or, the Six Years' Tragedy." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Fool Killer." By Lucas Cleeve. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Shadow of a Throne." By F. W. Hayes. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

"The Three Fantasies." By Barry Pain. (Methuen: 1*s.*)

The Iron Duke

"Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington." By the late G. R. Gleig. (Blackwood: London, 1904.)

Personal reminiscences of great men are always acceptable to the general public, inasmuch as even the little weaknesses which they discover give a human interest to personages that are otherwise in danger of being regarded as mere historical lay-figures. An additional interest attaches to the present volume from the fact that the author,

> In his ninetieth year, when his family hoped he was quietly resting in his room . . . . compiled the volume which is now before the public, even heading the four books in the manner he wished it some day to be published.

Of the "four books," only three are discoverable in the "Contents"; these are headed respectively, "Confidences," "Of the Duke's Places of Residence and Some of those who Visited him," and "The Duke in his Domestic Relations"; but there is added, by way of appendix, a "Memorandum on the War in Russia in 1812," written by the Duke himself. The scope of the work is really wider than its title would indicate; it deals very largely with the political history of the period in so far as the Duke was connected with it. This is, perhaps, natural, since the relation in which the author stood to the great man was, at first at any rate, that of a political partisan; but it is to be feared that the first part of the book will be rather "heavy going" to such as do not take a keen interest in the Roman Catholic Relief Act and the Reform Bill. But even here there are points of general interest; one incident in particular, in connection with the machine-breaking riots in Kent in 1830, reflects no small credit on the author:

> As soon as the crowd saw us [himself and the churchwarden] approach, and heard me desire them to stop, almost all the Ash men hung back; the others moved on, led by a fellow in the garb of a sailor, and shouted to us to get out of the way, otherwise worse would come of it. I was satisfied that the majority of the rioters would certainly not join in any attack against us, and persuaded myself that they would interfere, if the need arose, in our defence; and in this faith I rode at once against the leader, and seized him by the collar. . . . Then followed a sort of parley, of which the conclusion was, that the rioters agreed to follow me quietly into the village and then disperse, provided I did not insist on making a prisoner of the sailor. And they kept their word.

As regards the Duke, his intolerance of any interference would seem to be the characteristic which these memoirs bring out with the greatest clearness. Even in the smallest matters he allowed no meddling, and sometimes carried this prejudice to ridiculous lengths. On one occasion he and his younger son were driving to a meet of the Vine hounds.

> The carriage was a phaeton with German windows, through one of the panes in which the reins were passed, and the Duke was the driver. After a time he began to nod, and Lord Charles on looking out, saw that, pulling steadily on one rein, his father was directing the horses towards a wide, wet ditch which skirted the road. Not desiring to awake the sleeper, and anxious to avoid a catastrophe, he seized the other rein, gave it a jerk, and brought the horses back from the brink of the ditch. But he did awake the sleeper, who exclaimed in an angry voice, "What are you about, Charles?" Lord Charles told him, and received this reply: "I wish you would mind your own business!"

His independence became quite pathetic in his later years:

> Regularly as noon came round the Duke got upon his horse and rode to the Horse Guards. He would accept of no help either in mounting or dismounting.

The latter is described as follows:

> A little crowd always collected to watch this proceeding, and on every face there was an expression of mixed reverence and alarm. Wearily the right leg scrambled, so to speak, over the croup of the saddle; slowly and painfully it sank towards the ground, and then the whole body came down with a stagger, which was never witnessed except with dismay. Yet nobody presumed to touch or even to approach him.

The Duke was a great entertainer, and excelled as a host; at one or other of his establishments the author met many of the foremost men of the day, and devotes a few pages to each in turn. Among these are Arbuthnot and his wife, who were deepest in the Duke's confidence, and John Wilson Croker, whose

> talk was incessant on all manner of subjects, generally more or less instructive, no doubt, and sometimes amusing. . .

I myself once heard him lecture the Duke of Wellington on the manœuvres which preceded the battle of Talavera. I never forgot the moral with which the discussion ended. "Well, Duke, you may say what you please; but if history should fail to do you justice, you will live for ever in my poem as the hero of that day!"

Another guest was Lord Clanwilliam, for whose sudden retirement from a diplomatic career the following circumstance is alleged as the reason:

He had walked, it was said, from his lodgings on a summer evening to the house of a magnate, in which a gathering of fashionables was held, and, observing that his shoes were covered with dust, looked about for some means of cleansing them. Every hall table was crowned with a pyramid of plumed hats, every gentleman in Prussia in those days being a soldier, no soldier ever appearing abroad, except in uniform. Clanwilliam seized one of these hats, and, without giving a moment's thought to the light in which the proceeding might be regarded, flipped the dust off his shoes with the plume.

The fury which such an act of sacrilege would arouse in the breast of every true Prussian may be well imagined. Of Wellington as a soldier there is not very much: one of his sentiments might well be taken to heart by all such as are destined to hold commissions in the Army:

In this country an officer must be something more than a fighting machine, and should therefore acquire such knowledge and habits of thought as shall qualify him to fill with credit to himself and benefit to the public, such a post as governor of a colony, and to act, if called upon, as a magistrate.

On the whole the author has performed his task wonderfully well, and has not allowed his devotion to the Duke, which seems to have been unbounded, to cloud his judgment. The only criticism that one feels inclined to make is that, in the first part of the book, there is a little too much politics and too little Duke. The volume has been edited by the author's daughter, and is illustrated with two portraits, of Mr. Gleig and his hero respectively.

T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

The Hon. Emily Lawless should prove a sympathetic biographer of Maria Edgeworth in the volume which Messrs. Macmillan are adding to their "English Men of Letters" series. An Irishwoman herself—she is the eldest daughter of the third Baron Cloncurry—she can appreciate the Irish character studies of Maria Edgeworth to the full. She is also able to include some letters of the novelist which have never before been published. "As a woman," said Maria Edgeworth on one occasion, in declining to write a biographical preface to her novels, "my life, wholly domestic, can offer nothing of interest to the public." Yet Macaulay called her the second woman of her age, and she had a very winning personality. "She was a nice, little, unassuming, 'Jeanie-Deans-looking body,' as we Scotch say," wrote Byron, "and if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking." Her books are still in steady demand at the libraries.

It is well, when complaining of the alien, to remember that we are often well paid for throwing open our shores to all who care to seek their shelter. In literature especially we have drawn many prizes from this ceaseless stream of immigrants—Max Müller, Joseph Conrad, Max O'Rell, to mention only a few of the names that instantly occur to us. One of the latest additions to this list is Mr. Paul Waineman, an Anglicised Finn, who promises to make a name among our younger novelists. For a foreigner, Mr. Waineman has a remarkable command of fluent English, as was shown by the two books which he has already published—"By a Finnish Lake," and "A Heroine From Finland." The scene of his new novel, "The Song of the Forest," as it is called, which Messrs. Methuen will publish next week, is also laid in the author's native land. It is the story of a girl brought up on the edge of the Great Forest, and of the love and dangers that came to her upon entering on town life.

To-morrow Messrs. Methuen will also publish a novel which, it is said, will specially appeal to those who are interested in the esoteric. The author is Mr. Vance Thompson, who has done excellent work as a critic and writer of short stories. His new book is a story of New York club and society life, but the feature of the plot is the use to which he puts the latest ideas and discoveries regarding the mystery of the mental relations of man to man. The book is entitled "Spinners of Life."

Mr. L. Cecil Jane, who edited Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" in the Temple Classics, has written a volume on "The Coming of Parliament" for Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series. As the name implies, the book deals, more particularly, with the growth of our Parliamentary institutions, and it forms a connecting link between the two volumes already published on Mediæval and Parliamentary England. Two movements of exceptional interest—the Reformation and the Great Rebellion—are included in the epoch covered, and the book shows how the first was the period of preparation for the second: how the strong monarchy made the resistance of the Stuarts possible.

The cult of the antique has given rise to such a varied and voluminous literature that it is surprising to find that one corner of the field has hitherto been left untouched in this respect. We are assured, however, that the peculiarly English subject of leathern drinking vessels has so far been honoured merely by a few disconnected papers in archæological journals and brief notices of single examples. This neglect is being handsomely atoned for in a two-guinea work which Messrs. Bemrose have in preparation, entitled, "Black Jacks and Leather Bottles, being some account of Leather Drinking Vessels in England, and incidentally of other Ancient Vessels." The author is Mr. Oliver Baker, whose knowledge of the subject is said to be unique. In collecting material for his book Mr. Baker has been fortunate in unearthing many fine examples (some of which were unknown even to their owners) and the still more interesting instances in which these old leathern vessels have remained in use in their original homes down to present times.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

The Author of "The Four Feathers"

Although it is nearly two years since Mr. A. E. W. Mason published his last novel, "The Four Feathers," I learn from a New York literary paper that this book is enjoying an increasing popularity both in the United States and in Canada. I am told also that the story continues to be in good demand at home. In these days, when it has become an accepted axiom of the publishing world that the life of the average novel is about three months, here is excellent evidence of "staying power." Yet am I inclined to think that, regarded from a strictly literary point of view, "The Four Feathers" is not so good a book as "Morrice Buckler," with which Mr. Mason made his mark eight years ago. That was indeed an admirable example of the romantic novel, full of movement, colour, and the gentle play of love; whereas his last book, although essentially a piece of worthy work by reason of its keen analysis of character, derives some of its interest from situations which, to a quite unusual extent for Mr. Mason, border on the melodramatic. But if "The Four Feathers" is not a great book it is undoubtedly so deftly constructed that the interest is quickened in the first chapter and kept at tension to the last; *ergo* a good book. Mr. Mason entirely merits his great and growing popularity, for he is among the lesser, but more honourable band of contemporary novelists who take their craft seriously, and resist the temptation to trade upon their reputation by turning out sloppy work. Originally an actor, it is surprising that he has not given more attention to the bitter cry of the theatre managers, who are so often bemoaning the dearth of good plays. He did dramatise his charming "Miranda of the Balcony," which had a very successful run in New York two years ago, but I do not think the play has been seen in London.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. A. E. W. Mason

Author of "The Four Feathers," and Liberal candidate for Coventry

The Incompetent Reviewer

I fear his name is legion. Messrs. Putnam, the well-known American publishers, who have a London house, have been writing to the papers about him. Their complaint is that a work recently issued by them, and entitled "Matthew Arnold: an Appreciation and a Criticism," has been reviewed in a number of journals as "a new work on Matthew Arnold by an American writer, evidently prepared for the American market," or, at all events, quite a number of reviewers have employed some such phrase in noticing the book. It so happens that the work in question is written by Mr. W. Harbutt Dawson, whose name, if not very familiar to the general public, ought surely to have been known to journalists who write about books, as he is an Englishman who has been producing books for the last sixteen years or more, and quite recently wrote "German Life in Town and Country" for Messrs. Newnes. His publishers complain that the reviewers jumped to the conclusion that he was an American writer, simply because his book was issued by an American firm, and reason from this that they did not read the work they pretended to criticise. It is a reasonable assumption, and I have a suspicion that an immense amount of reviewing is based on the slender knowledge that may be derived from the title-page of a book. Of one thing I am persuaded in my own experience, that to write a preface to one's book is to play into the hands of the lazy reviewer. I once wrote to this effect in an introductory note: "This little work makes no pretence to completeness, and is no more than a modest attempt to introduce the reader to a most engaging field of study." Believe me, quite fifty per cent. of the reviewers simply paraphrased my preface and turned the above sentence into something like this: "The work is, indeed of very little value,

and cannot be regarded in any sense as a complete study of the subject, being, by the most charitable estimate, a mere touching of the fringe of a subject which, with adequate treatment, might have resulted in a work of real value."

Curiosities of Reviewing

The reviewer who was in the habit of cutting a few leaves of a book, and then smelling his paper-knife to discover its quality, is not altogether a myth. But how can it be otherwise, when so many newspapers regard notices of books as mere padding, for use only when the make-up is short? I can vouch for the fact that some three years ago one of the great provincial dailies strictly adhered to this system: reviews were written and handed to the foreman compositor to use at his discretion; he kept them in a heap in his drawer, and when other "copy" failed, he grabbed a handful of the book notices, and distributed the folios among the compositors. As he generally lifted from the top of the pile, it happened sometimes that a number of reviews written one night appeared next morning, while others, written months before, still lay at the bottom of the heap. In dull seasons he had worked his way down to the bare wood of his drawer, and thus I have seen a review of a book appear when it was in its ninth or tenth edition! Another point: it is notorious that among our cheap journalists no judgment is shown in selecting reviewers with special qualification for the books given to them, and I have known of even signed articles appearing on important works of well-known writers with whom the reviewers had no previous acquaintance, of whose existence they had not even been aware. I have in my mind a review of a book touching a mid-Victorian author, who is among our English classics, and the writer of the review had to turn up several works of reference to discover who the author was, and what was his literary reputation, before he sat down to deliver himself upon the new book! But this indicated a degree of conscientiousness somewhat rare, I fear, among the young lions of the cheap press.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Beatrice Harraden

Author of "Ships that pass in the Night," "Katharine Frensham," etc.

Miss Beatrice Harraden

A cheap edition of Miss Beatrice Harraden's novel "The Fowler" has just appeared, and is very noticeable on all the bookstalls. It bears a portrait of the distinguished authoress which might lead one to imagine her a tall and almost masculine lady, whereas she is small and fragile. Her long battle with ill-health which, for a good many years, interfered seriously with her literary work, has, however, resulted in some measure of victory for her indomitable spirit, as she is now enjoying far more bodily vigour than has been her portion since, eleven years ago, she came into fame with that very remarkable book, "Ships that pass in the Night." She has travelled widely and resided abroad a good deal in her long quest of health, but her associations with literary Hampstead have always been maintained, and there her home is when she is staying in London. She was born at Hampstead, and Miss Harraden is one of the very few lady authors who are not afraid to let their ages be known, as she confesses that she first saw light on January 24, 1864; but I am certain that no one would ever have suspected her of having turned forty if she had not herself homologated the fact. Her latest book, "Katharine Frensham," published last autumn, is still being widely read, and marks a distinct advance in the technique of her art, while it is far more virile and warm with life than most of her previous writings. Her "Ships that pass in the Night" still continues to enjoy a good sale, and up to the beginning of 1901, when she succeeded in buying back the copyright, something like half a million copies of the book had been sold in Europe and America. Will it be believed that the entire income which she had derived from the book at that time was £125? We have this on her own authority, and it is a remarkable object lesson on the mistake of an unknown author parting with the entire copyright of her first book.

CONCERNING DR. W. G. GRACE

So far is mankind from the summit of political perfection that one might wager a large sum on finding, within the confines of the British Empire, many thousand persons who have no idea of the name of the gentleman who occupies at this hour the position of Prime Minister of Great Britain. But there is one private person who shares with His Majesty the King the distinction of having his name known and honoured wherever the English language is spoken, and his portrait recognised whenever it is seen by one of our blood.

Dr. W. G. Grace is much more of a British institution than—what shall we say?—the House of Lords, for example. For he is part and parcel of the tradition of cricket, which is at least as strong in the great democracies under the Southern Cross as it is in these aristocratic islands, where it grew to maturity. Were "W. G." to walk unheralded down the High Street of Wooloomooloo—were he to make an appearance, all unexpected, on the slopes of Table Mountain, or on the Heights of Abraham—were he to glide suddenly from behind the delicate carvings of the Taj Mahal, or to be set down miraculously amid the teeming commerce of Singapore—not an eye in any British head but would light up with glad surprise and recognition. The sun never sets upon the reputation of "the Doctor."

Some other eminent cricketers have allowed trumpery considerations of professional or political advancement to stand in the way of cricket. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, for example, was at one time regarded as having a brilliant future, and has played for Eton, Cambridge, and England; but he turned to the Bar, and took up with politics, and now we think of him chiefly as Colonial Secretary. The present Lord Chief Justice of England, again, was once a cricketer of promise: and look at him now. Dr. Grace is the younger man by some years; but he is one of the strongest links in the chain of Empire, while Lord Alverstone dwells in the obscurity of a court of law, still following with fond regret the records of the sport he might have treated seriously. Even Mr. J. M. Barrie, whose enthusiasm for the game cannot be questioned, and who was prodigally endowed by Nature with all the qualities of a first-rate ground man, has drifted into letters.

But "W. G." has been a cricketer first, last, and all the time. There is some talk of his having frequented, in youth, the Bristol Medical School, and having made but an imperfect resistance to the blandishments of "Bart.'s" and the Westminster Hospital. Indeed, travellers in the West of England have brought back curious stories of a medical practice in Bristol, vague reports of a brass plate and a bedside manner, which it behoves us not to treat with too much solemnity. It may be that the voice which has so many thousands of times been heard to bellow the cricketer's one official remark, 'How's that?" may have been occasionally schooled to the professional murmur. Aged patients may have been sympathetically reminded that they have had a long innings, and the victims of dissipation warned that they must play with a straight bat or be clean bowled. But of this the world knows nothing, and is content not to hear: satisfied that the Doctor's divagations in the region of medicine have never affected his play. Enough for the world that, whatever his qualifications as a surgeon or physician may happen to be, his official description is that of Secretary and General Manager to the London County Cricket Club.

Such cases of great men following the healing art, under the rose as it were, are not unknown. An Austrian Archduke of to-day is, when not in the eye of the world, an oculist of remarkable attainments. All of us have heard, too, of Dr. Watson, who, under an elaborate pretence of a general practice in Baker Street, led a busy life as luggage-labeller and general handy man to Mr. Sherlock Holmes for some years, and subsequently compiled a very respectable fortune by publishing the chronicles of that astute creature's most remarkable cases. Then there is Dr. Jameson, the strategist and statesman, and Dr. Rutherfoord Harris, the millionaire.

"W. G." began to make runs about the time of life when most people begin to walk. He was born to the willow, as well as to the stethoscope; for his father was both a keen cricketer and a medical man before him, and his uncle, Mr. Alfred Pocock, took him in hand and made a first-rate bat of him. It was at the mature age of sixteen that he made his first appearance in important cricket, when he played in 1864 for South Wales against the Gentlemen of Sussex. The Gentlemen of Sussex were startled out of the self-control natural to gentlemen, when the infant Grace scored 170 against them in one innings, and 56 not out in the other. He made his reputation out of those Gentlemen, and the next year the eyes of all the cricket world were open to his merits. His star was well above the horizon.

The performances of the next twenty-five years stand quite unrivalled. In first-class cricket "W. G." played 814 innings, and his average for the entire period was 43½. He took 2,230 wickets, at an average of 16 per wicket. In 1884 he made three centuries against the Australians, and did it again in 1886. In 1895, making nine centuries in the season, he completed his hundredth; and the £5,000 "shilling testimonial" then handed to him by the *Daily Telegraph* was the most remarkable proof of a sportsman's popularity ever given.

Most of his wonderful batting was done on the pitches of yesterday. Had he played in his prime on the perfect wickets of to-day, one cannot be certain that he would ever have been out at all. He has opened the present season in fine form, at the rate of some fifty runs in the hour, and close upon his fifty-seventh year.

"W. G."

AMERICAN TOPICS

The only way of closing the illegal "pool-rooms" of New York, the police have at length been forced to conclude, is to shut them up. For some time they have shrunk from this harsh measure. The establishments where the citizen could resort to put his money on a horse have remained unaccountably deaf to moral suasion, and now the strong arm of the law is at work. Only recently steps have been taken to prevent the Western Union Telegraph Company from providing the pool-rooms with a special service from the race-tracks, in the course of which proceedings, it was discovered that the Western Union directors never realised, in their innocence, that it was wrong to put in a special wire, and supply special operators, for an illegal establishment. And now the police—the Tammany police—are on an anti-pool-room campaign.

With dreadful cynicism, some observers of this Tammany move against the pool-rooms, have pointed out that the large interests of the Tammany powers in the local race-tracks make it good business for them to decrease the pool-room business; since thousands of "sports," rather than be prevented from betting, will go out to the race-track and put their money on there, thus increasing the takings at the gate. It is, indeed, a censorious world. Still, it is true that this sort of spectacular police activity is peculiar to Tammany administrations. In the golden days of Boss Croker—a great racing man—raids on pool-rooms were a leading feature.

It is possible to be too much up to date, as seems clear from the facts about the school text-books of American history used in the State of Kansas. These volumes, in the present edition, contain an account of the war in the Philippines, and incidentally of the alleged deed of daring performed by General Frederick Funston, whom his country had credited until now with the feat of swimming the Bag Bag River under a hot fire. The other day, however, the Kansas education authorities seem to have come to the conclusion that the Bag Bag incident was not quite so historical as could have been wished; and they directed the elimination of the questionable passage from the State history books. And now, General Funston, applied to on the point, is constrained to admit that the action of Kansas is fully justified. He never did swim the Bag Bag. It is a pity this did not emerge before.

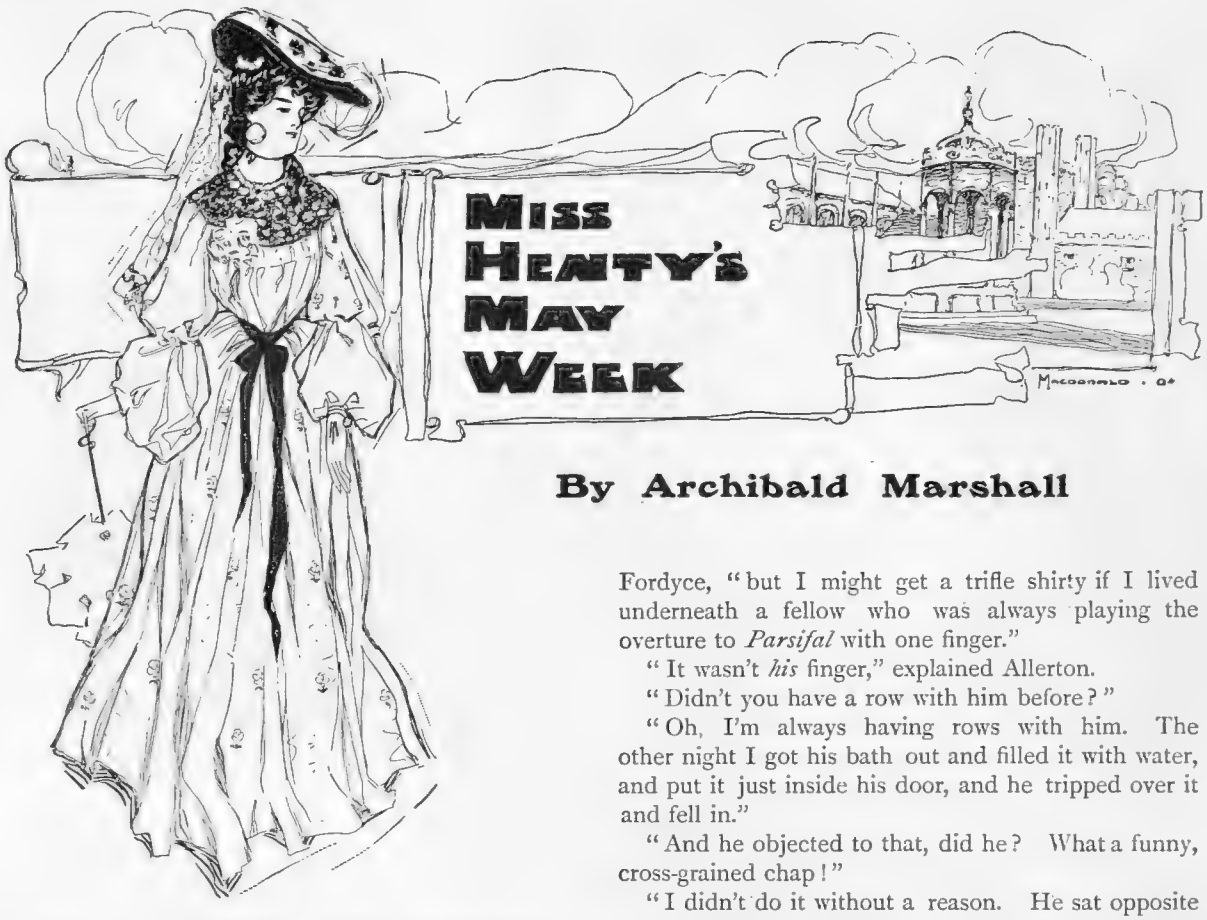
The biggest pail on earth is to be seen in the Palace of Agriculture at the World's Fair. It is made of wood and weighs 2,375 pounds. There is nobody at present known to be in need of this handy utensil; but there might be a demand for it some day—one can never be sure—and it is of the essence of American enterprise to anticipate the wants of the world. So there is the mastodon pail awaiting a user.

The plague of mosquitoes in Baltimore is dire, and the latest proposal is that 80,000 school-children should be enrolled in an army of extermination, and be sent to pour kerosine oil into every stagnant, mosquito-breeding pool in the city. This is one of those practical lessons in industry which Mr. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil King, is never tired of recommending. He can be depended on to approve of this particular plan.

DRAWN BY R. PANNETT

An American Girl of To-day

The original of this illustration, a beautiful colour study, is on view at Mr. Pannett's Exhibition of Pictures and Impressions of "The Woman of To-day," at the Social Bureau, 30, New Bond Street



Miss Henty's May Week

By Archibald Marshall

Fordyce and Allerton were leaning out of Allerton's windows—a window to each—taking a contemplative view of the Great Court of Trinity across the geraniums, marguerites, and lobelia in the window-boxes. There is always something to be seen in the Great Court, and the most comfortable way of seeing it, whatever it may be, is through a haze of tobacco smoke from a first-floor window in the south-west corner. You command a view of the great gateway and the steps of the Hall, and if anyone comes in the third way, through the passage from the hostels, they must pass close beneath you. You can see all that is worth seeing of the Court itself without turning your head—the Hall, the Chapel, the Great Gate, the Master's lodge, and the Fountain. The green of the level lawns, the colours of the flower-beds and the window-boxes, and the blue of the sky on a soft June day make up a picture which will remain with you.

It was in the May week. There was no work to be done, the weather was perfect, Fordyce and Allerton were in their second year, and as yet, free from troubles, financial or otherwise. Their souls, therefore, were full of content.

"That little beast Henty has got his people up," said Allerton.

"Fat mother, frisky aunt, sister with spectacles and hat trimmed with Cambridge blue ribbon?" hazarded Fordyce.

"I don't know," said Allerton. "I haven't seen them."

"Henty is a disagreeable little smug," said Allerton. "I was playing the piano the other morning and he sent in to say I was interfering with his work."

"Well, I'm a bit of a Wagnerian myself," remarked Fordyce, "but I might get a trifle shirty if I lived underneath a fellow who was always playing the overture to *Parsifal* with one finger."

"It wasn't *his* finger," explained Allerton.

"Didn't you have a row with him before?"

"Oh, I'm always having rows with him. The other night I got his bath out and filled it with water, and put it just inside his door, and he tripped over it and fell in."

"And he objected to that, did he? What a funny, cross-grained chap!"

"I didn't do it without a reason. He sat opposite me in chapel the Sunday before, and kept looking at me in a beastly insolent way. I hate your little goggle-eyed smug who walks about as if the place belonged to him."

"Of course you do. The place belongs to you and me, don't it?"

"I don't know about that; but we do something for it, anyhow. Hanged if I know what these sapping Johnnies do."

Fordyce didn't know either, and the conversation languished.

"Holy poker, what a blaze of beauty!" was the next observation.

A small party had come through from Neville's Court and were standing on the top of the Hall steps. There was a stately matron in voluminous skirts, two small and somewhat insignificant men, who seemed to be doing the honours of the place, and two young girls, tall and graceful, in all the airy charm of their summer bravery.

"If it isn't Henty and his party!" exclaimed Allerton.

"Capital little chap, Henty," said Fordyce. "I was introduced to him at breakfast at my tutor's a year ago. I always meant to look him up. I think I shall drop in this afternoon."

"Perhaps I was rather a cad to put that bath in his way," said Allerton reflectively.

"Yes, you were," replied his friend. "However, it's done now and can't be helped. The best thing you can do is to keep out of the way while you are both up."

They both laughed. "Do my eyes deceive me," said Fordyce, as the little party came down the steps

(All rights reserved

and approached their staircase, "or is that my old and tried friend, Ethel Mainwaring? It is, by Jove! How the deuce does she come to be with Henty?"

One of the girls looked up at the window and smiled and nodded at Fordyce. The rest of the party looked up too, with interest, but a low-spoken word from one of the men changed interest to frigid displeasure.

"They won't have anything to do with you, my boy," said Fordyce. "You're the naughty man who nearly gave dear George Augustus his death of cold. But I wonder how Ethel Mainwaring got here?"

"Who the deuce is Ethel Mainwaring?" asked Allerton, who seemed a trifle out of temper.

"They've got the next place to ours in the country. We have always been great pals. Why, bless you, she used to think nothing of cutting me over the head with a croquet mallet, and many's the time I've lugged a handful of her hair out by the roots in the dear, dead days beyond recall."

In the rooms beneath, Henty's party were resting after the fatigues of inspection. "I didn't know you knew Fordyce," said Henty to his cousin.

"Dicky Fordyce!" replied Miss Mainwaring. "I should think I did, little wretch; I've had to keep him in order all my life. Why, they live at Willeby, next to us. You must have heard of them, Harry."

"I don't remember," said Henty. "He's rather a swell up here: in the cricket eleven, and all that."

"Yes, I know, little object! It does seem ridiculous. I've bowled him out hundreds of times at home."

"Is he a friend of that young man upstairs who nearly killed poor Harry?" inquired Mrs. Henty.

"Yes, he is," answered poor Harry. "If you know him so well, Ethel, you might ask him why he goes about with such a cad as Allerton."

"Oh, I think I'll leave Dick to choose his own friends, Harry," said Miss Mainwaring, with a glance at her spectacled cousin. "I have heard him speak of Mr. Allerton. Doesn't he row in the University boat?"

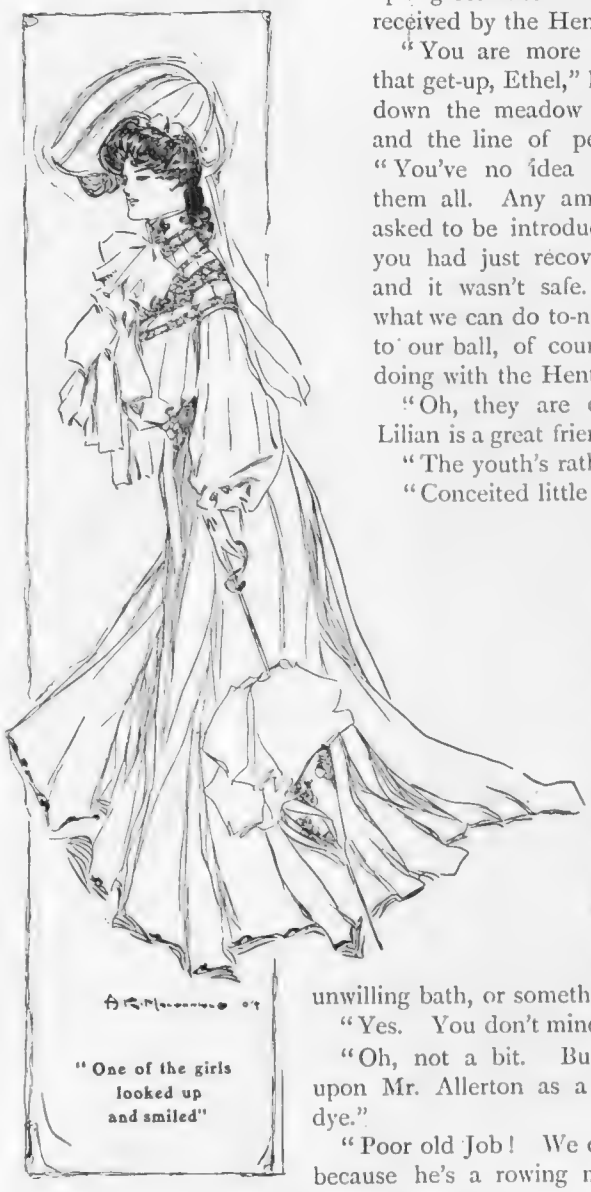
"Yes," admitted Henty.

"It makes it all the worse," said Henty's sister; "a big strong man like that bullying a little weak man like Harry."

Harry was not so much taken with this view of the matter. "I can hold my own against anyone, thank you, Lilian," he said, "but Allerton is a cad, for all that."

"Yes, dear, I know," said Lilian. "You always said you were very plucky, and of course we believe you."

That afternoon was the last day of the races, and Henty's party found themselves in due course walking up and down the meadow at Ditton Corner, or watching the boats from their carriage. Fordyce came up to greet Miss Mainwaring, and was kindly received by the Hentys.



"One of the girls looked up and smiled"

"You are more fetching than ever in that get-up, Ethel," he said, as they walked down the meadow between the carriages and the line of people on the banks. "You've no idea how you're knocking them all. Any amount of fellows have asked to be introduced to you, but I said you had just recovered from the measles and it wasn't safe. However, we'll see what we can do to-night. You are coming to our ball, of course. But what are you doing with the Hentys?"

"Oh, they are cousins of sorts, and Lilian is a great friend of mine."

"The youth's rather a trial, isn't he?"

"Conceited little silly! I should like to take off his spectacles and pull his nose."

"Well, I should, if I were you. Look, there's the First Trinity boat going up. They are bound to make their bump to-night. There's Allerton rowing seven, the chap you saw me with this morning. I must introduce him to you at the ball."

"Didn't he cause dear Henry to take an unwilling bath, or something of the sort?"

"Yes. You don't mind much, do you?"

"Oh, not a bit. But *they* do. They look upon Mr. Allerton as a ruffian of the deepest dye."

"Poor old Job! We call him Job, you know, because he's a rowing man, and rowing men sometimes get——"

"A little impatient—yes, I know. But why should he mind?"

"Because, my dear young lady, ever since Adam first saw Eve in the garden of Eden——"

"What—Lilian! What fun! But she *is* awfully pretty, isn't she? Don't you think so?"

"Well, you see, when you are about you can hardly expect me to——"

"Talk like anything but an idiot—no, I never do. Well, if *you* don't admire her, lots of people do."

That night the Trinity Hall ball took place in the Guildhall. There were many pretty girls there, but none prettier than Henty's sister and cousin. Henty had not been a well-known man up to this date, and his sudden bound into popularity gratified him

exceedingly. Very early in the evening, Allerton relieved from the exigencies of training, was brought up by Fordyce to be introduced to Miss Mainwaring. After securing a dance with that young lady, he was introduced to Mrs. Henty, who barely acknowledged his bow, and to Miss Henty, who said that her programme was full up, and then ostentatiously gave two dances to a friend of her brother's.

"That's a facer," said Allerton to himself as he went off. "I'm going to dance with her to-night or to-morrow, all the same."

"You *are* a donkey, Lil," whispered her cousin to her on being brought back after Allerton's dance. "He dances beautifully. I am going to cut that red-haired thing for him later on."

"A little horror!" said Miss Henty crossly. "He has been dancing on my shoes, if you can call it dancing, ever since we began and I've promised him another."

Miss Henty

"Well, it serves you right for treating Mr. Allerton so badly. He feels it very much. He almost cried about it."

"I don't care. I think it was great impudence coming up to us at all after the way he has behaved to Harry. But I hate this. I wish we could go home. I must say I don't think much of Harry's friends."

"I don't think anything of them at all," replied Miss Mainwaring. "I'm going to cut them for the future, and dance with Dicky Fordyce's."

Miss Mainwaring pursued that shameless course for the rest of the evening, and enjoyed herself very much. Harry's friends agreed among themselves afterwards that they could not stand that sort of young woman. Poor Lilian danced with them conscientiously, and, by the time the ball was half over, was reduced almost to the verge of tears, for she was quite young, and it had never befallen her before to dance time after time with a series of partners whose idea of waltzing was to clasp her waist and run round and round her, while she made the best of her way through the other couples. When it came to her turn to dance again with her brother's red-haired friend, who was dangerous as well as incompetent, she suddenly felt that she could stand it no longer. She saw him coming across the hall, and looked round with an agonised longing for escape.

"Ask her now," said the kind Miss Mainwaring,

"He was introduced to Mrs. Henty, who barely acknowledged his bow, and to Miss Henty, who said that her programme was full"

who was coming back with Allerton. The next moment Lilian found herself gliding over the floor with the first decent partner she had had that evening.

After two rounds, Allerton began to slow down. "Go on, please," she commanded, and he went on. After two more rounds he opened his mouth to say something. "Don't talk," she said; so they went through the remainder of the dance in silence. Then they went into a sitting-out room.

"I'm not going to talk to you," she said. "I hate you for behaving as you have to my brother, and I wish I hadn't danced with you now—only I'd had such a lot of miserable partners."

"Oh, all right," said Allerton. "Only, shan't we look rather idiots sitting here and saying nothing?"

"I don't mind if we do. I'm not going to talk to you again."

"Are you going to dance with me again?"

"No."

"Not to-morrow, at our dance?"

"No."

"I didn't hurt your brother, you know."

No answer.

"And I shouldn't have done it at all if I had known he was your brother."

Still no answer.

"I say—can't you forgive me for it?"

"I'm going to cut that red-haired thing later on."

Miss Henty fanned herself elaborately, and looked round the room with interest.

"Aren't you going to answer anything I say?" Still not a word.

"How could I tell he was going to turn out to be your brother? You're not a bit like him."

"I should hope not, indeed."

"There, you've spoken at last."

"I haven't"

"Yes, you have. Look here, Miss Henty, I'm awfully sorry about it. I'll apologise to the little—to your brother, or do anything else you like—only do say you will dance with me to-morrow."

The music from the ball-room was heard. Lilian jumped up with alacrity and made her way out.

"I shan't go to the beastly dance at all," said Allerton, as he followed her.

She looked up at him out of pretty china blue eyes. "Then how can I dance with you?" she asked demurely.

Allerton enjoyed the rest of that May week exceedingly. So did Miss Henty.

"I'm not going to talk to you," she said. "I hate you."

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A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN JAPAN

From Stereograph, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

Carrying a rich Bhuddist to his last resting-place, near Osaka

Compared with a European funeral under similar circumstances, the Japanese procession is very simple. The corpse is being carried by the white-clad bearers, some of whom are carrying evergreens, while the relatives and friends are following reverently on foot to the cemetery

A PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENT

I had six ladies as my travelling companions, and when the stout gentleman entered the carriage at Edgware Road, they all glared indignantly at him. When the train moved out, he sighed twice or thrice, and then, covering his face with his handkerchief, sobbed pathetically. I crumpled my *Globe* indignantly as a hint that a second-class Metropolitan railway carriage was not the place for the display of the cruder emotions.

"Pardon me, ladies," said the fat man, "I know I am a nuisance to you, but I had a wife and two daughters at Shepherd's Bush, and I am returning to an empty home."

A sympathetic murmur ran round the carriage.

"Was it very sudden?"

"No, they are not dead—better far for me if they were! Till a month since we were a happy and united family. What if my wife was as stout as I am—were we not a well-matched, comfortable couple? If my daughter Trixie's beauty was marred by a snub nose, and if Anastasia's upper lip was spoilt by an incipient moustache, were their loving, familiar faces less dear to me on that account? Never! I knew at least that they would never leave me. Now all is changed. My wife and girls fell into the hands of a designing fiend. They went to Madame Juno, the beauty specialist of 287A New Bond Street. What is the result? In place of my matronly, substantial wife, I have a slight, elegant woman who is too proud to walk the streets with me. Every evening I am left desolate, while she plunges into the vortex of fashionable life. Only to-day in the train I heard her alluded to as 'the belle of Shepherd's Bush.' Trixie's snub nose has been transformed into a graceful aquiline, Anastasia's moustache has vanished. On the rare occasions when they are at home in the evening, the house is full of aristocratic young men, who ignore me and smoke my cigars. My quiet, happy home is turned into a desolation."

"Why don't you go to Madame Juno yourself, sir?" said a practical-looking lady.

"Madam, I have offered to double, treble, even quadruple, her exceedingly moderate fees if she would only rejuvenate me. The only answer the fiend gives me is that on no account will she treat me. I have besought her throughout her business hours—ten till four—to relax her rule, but she has a heart of stone."

"Quite right too," snapped a grim lady.

"Some day, ladies," continued the fat man, "you will see on the placards, 'Fearful Tragedy at 287A, New Bond Street,' and you will know that I have taken a terrible vengeance. Shepherd's Bush! Ah, I get out here."

I followed him, and tapped him on the shoulder. He looked round at me suspiciously.

"You are a fraud," I said, "you have no wife! You are a wily bachelor, travelling in the interests of a beauty specialist."

The fat man's eyes twinkled. "I have a wife," he replied, "and if you want to prove my statement, call at her business address at 287A, New Bond Street, between ten and four to-morrow. You will certainly see two or three of your travelling companions in the waiting-room there. In your case I think Madame Juno might make an exception to her rule of never treating men. But isn't it a perfectly gorgeous way of advertising? That little journey to-day will bring us in more business than a twenty-guinea advertisement in a lady's paper."

A Breakfast Problem

(But the patient may attempt it at lunch if he would rather.)

["Breakfast table problems are features of modern day journalism."—*City Press.*]

If, Mr. Editor, this is the case,
  If modern journals are in such a state,
Then can you grant me just a little space
  In which to bring your paper up-to-date
By asking you each week a searching question,
  To help your circulation—and digestion?

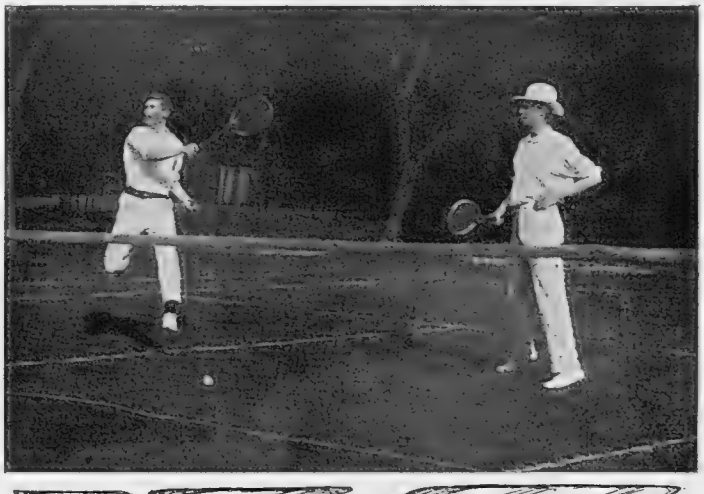
Well: Number I. A gentleman (say, Brown),
  Points to a lady—which is not polite—
And says, "You see that lady in the gown
  Of purple velvet, with a dash of white;
Well, if that lady's uncle is my brother,
  What are the odds my aunt has met her mother?"

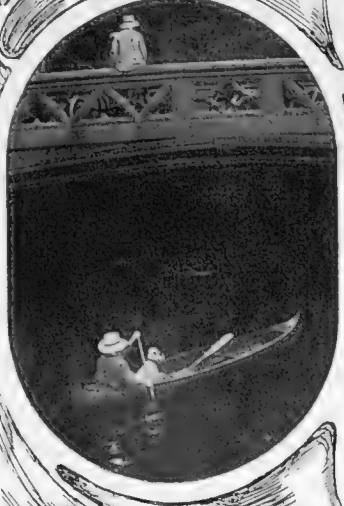
To find the answer; First, let Brown be X
  (Or X be Brown; it doesn't matter which)
Then X's aunt—if of the fairer sex—
  (The argument proceeds without a hitch)
Is aunt to Brown (that's X)—or, if you'd rather
  Is sister, probably to X's father.

Now call the lady Y. Her uncle (Z)
  Is X's brother: X of course is Brown.
So—if the lady's father is not dead,
  Or *not* a gentleman, or out of town,—
Y is, with ordinary luck, Brown's daughter!
  (In purple velvet, which poor Brown had bought her).

"Her mother" then is X's wife. And so:
  What are the odds his wife had met his aunt?
D'you see the point? (We called Brown X, you know).
  It's really very easy . . . What! . . . You can't?
Silly! . . . Of course! *Jones never had a mother!!*

Cambridge in the May Term





Photos by *Wilson*

ETON: RECENTLY VISITED BY THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN THE STATE BARGE

Photos by *Hills & Saunders*

L. E. Jones
Captain of the "Eight'

E. G. Selwyn
Captain of the School

G. C. Campbell
Captain of the "Eleven"

Photo by *Brooks*

The old side of Eton College facing the river

The residence of the Head Master Rev. Edmond Warre, D.D., M.V.O., is seen at the extreme right of the photograph

The Quadrangle

Photos by *Hills and Saunders*

The Upper School, where "Speeches" are given on the Fourth of June Celebrations

"FLOREAT ETONA": SCENES AT THE

Scene along the River Banks just before the Procession

The Procession, reversing the practice of former years, paddled up stream for a short distance only——

Photos by **Launching the Boats for the Procession** *Callcott*

——When they turned and paddled down to Dätchet, where the crews disembarked and dined in a meadow of the Royal domain

FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATIONS

The Procession of Boats

At this famous water pageant the crews of the ten boats were dressed according to the semi-naval tradition which has obtained for more than a century, and the cox. of each carried a bouquet of imposing proportions

Photo by **At the Cricket Match against New College, Oxford** *Caldcot.*

The fortunes of the day went against the Eton Eleven, and they suffered defeat at the hands of their opponents

AMABEL'S LOVE AFFAIRS

By ETHEL HOLMES

"It's from Cousin Fred," said Dora with conviction.

"Ye—es," said Amabel slowly.

"I believe it's a proposal," said Lucy.

And Amabel said nothing.

"I knew he'd propose to you!" Lucy continued. "He fell in love with you straight away. And he's never been really in love with anybody before," she added.

Dora was a little upset. Cousin Fred was so very good-looking. Amabel smoothed out the note and read it again, which was irritating for the other two, who were dying to see what it said.

Amabel, the gay, the light-hearted, the never serious, was looking just a little worried.

"I can't think *what* to do!" she sighed gently.

"Aren't you going to accept him?" gasped both the girls at once.

"It's a little awkward," Amabel began.

"But he's ever so much nicer than anybody else!" Lucy interrupted her.

"And you *have* encouraged him, Amabel," said Dora.

"But there are the other two," said Amabel uncertainly.

"What other two?" asked Lucy.

"The two I'm engaged to already."

"Engaged already!" gasped Lucy.

"To two men!" choked Dora.

"Yes, two of them," said Amabel hopelessly.

"You see," she explained, "it was like this. I was staying with the Lawsons for some dances, and Charlie Lawson proposed to me during the Blue Danube waltz, and, somehow, I couldn't say no. Then I went to stay with the Gibbs, and a Captain Harrison proposed to me one day when we went a paper chase. We were simply miles from home, and it would have been so awkward to have said no, then. And now—oh dear! what shall I do, girls?"

"Of course, you are really engaged to the man who asked you first," said Lucy.

"Like invitations," said Amabel.

"Like bigamy," said Dora severely.

"Trigamy," suggested Amabel wickedly, and patted the note.

"You're never going to accept Cousin Fred as well!" gasped Dora.

"He's much the nicest!" Amabel assured her.

"Seriously, Amabel, you are engaged to the waltzing man," Lucy expostulated.

"Charlie Lawson," said Amabel with a resigned sigh.

"And you must write to the other man saying you have made a mistake," Lucy continued authoritatively.

"I'll write to Captain Harrison at once, said Amabel obligingly. "I never did really like him; only it *was* such a long way from home, and it *would* have been so awkward to have said no."

"Of course!" both girls assented indifferently.

There was very little sympathy for Captain Harrison.

"And this?" Amabel glanced at the note on her lap.

"Oh, of course, you must explain to Cousin Fred," Lucy remarked relentlessly.

"Should we explain for you?" Dora offered kindly. "It might be awkward for you, and we could just hint——"

"No, thank you," said Amabel. "I'll do my own explaining. You see, they are my proposals."

Which remark fulfilled its mission, and silenced Dora.

"We will leave you to write your letters, then," said Lucy.

Amabel was looking at the note again.

"He says he will come for his answer this evening," she remarked.

"Poor Cousin Fred!" said the girls.

Amabel sighed.

"Poor dear man! I'll write him a little note, and just slip it into his hand when he comes, and then run away, and he can read it, and go home quietly afterwards."

So Amabel wrote two letters, and posted one of them. The other was tightly screwed up in Amabel's hand, when the front door bell rang in an agitated manner just after six o'clock.

Amabel, in her prettiest frock, waited alone in the girls' own sitting-room, kindly lent by Dora and Lucy for the melancholy occasion.

It was very nearly dark, but there was a pleasant flicker of firelight. The door opened, and a tall young man came hopefully into the room. Amabel shut her eyes, held her breath, and extended her little white hand and the note. The hand was eagerly seized and kissed.

"Darling!" whispered a very glad young man; and a little paper note fell unheeded to the floor.

Outside, at no very great distance away, Dora and Lucy waited with hearts full of sympathy for poor Cousin Fred. The sympathy became a trifle uneasy as time went on, and no heavy, heart-broken tread was heard to descend the stairs and seek the front door.

Presently they ventured a little nearer to the sitting-room door. All was quiet within.

Then the door did a trick common with doors; it came a little way open of its own accord. It had been liberally provided with india-rubber piping to stop the draughts, and was consequently eccentric in its method of closing.

"Only the door; never mind, dearest!" said Cousin Fred's voice in a curiously muffled tone. "Why, what is that little white thing on the floor?"

(All rights reserved)

"Oh, it's mine," said Amabel's voice. "I wrote it for you; it's a confession—please read it."

Somebody got up quickly, and returned with a soft rustle of silk.

"Confession, you dear baby! What an idea! Stick it in the fire; I don't want to know all your little sins, you precious silly!"

"Oh, but I have been really very bad!" said Amabel in an ashamed voice. "Ever so bad; you've no idea; and you ought to know, really!"

"Give me the terrible list, then," said Cousin Fred severely. Dora and Lucy grasped each other's hands. Poor Cousin Fred!

"Are they all here?" he continued.

"Ye—es, that is, all the important ones," Amabel answered. Then the sleepy fire flickered up suddenly, in joy at having something to burn.

"What a darling you are!" Cousin Fred began, but the rest of the remark, if there was any, was too smothered to reach any further than Amabel's little pink ears.

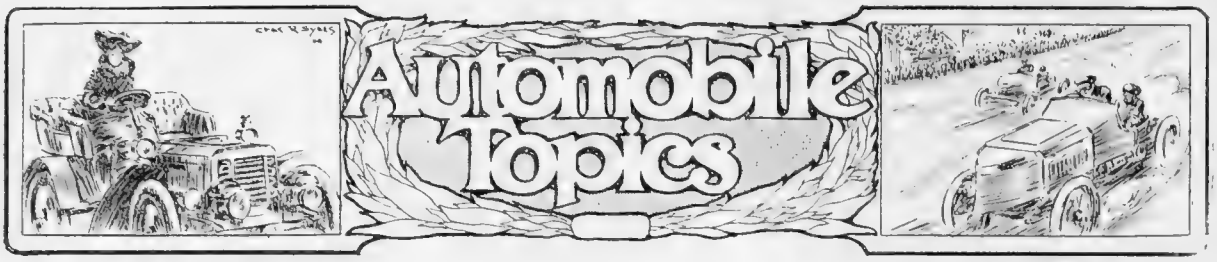
That evening Amabel wrote to Charlie Lawson.

The Entrance to the Kremlin, Moscow

The little chapel which contains the wonderful miracle-working icon, held in such veneration by Russians of all classes, is seen between the entrances of the famous citadel

The Iberian Chapel, Moscow

At the entrance to the Kremlin stands a little chapel sacred to the Iberian Mother of God. The chapel was erected by the Tsar Alexis for this miracle-working icon, which is the most venerated and renowned in all Russia. The picture is ornamented with a crown of jewels, and has a veil of pearls and a large gem on the brow and on the shoulder. On the right cheek is a scratch, said to have been perpetrated by an infidel who, on seeing blood flow from the wound, was converted. The chapel is always surrounded by worshippers, and thirteen silver chandeliers with tapers are kept continually burning before the iconostasis. This sacred icon is in great request, and is frequently sent for by private individuals on occasions of sorrow or rejoicing, when it is taken through the town in a carriage drawn by six black horses. As the carriage, with its attendant priests, passes along the streets, men uncover, and even prostrate themselves, in the hope that the picture may be carried over them. To this day the Tsar, before entering the Kremlin, always dismounts at the Chapel, and recently he journeyed to Moscow on purpose to pray to the sacred icon for the success of his arms in the Far East.



Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give unbiassed advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

Special arrangements are being made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

The Wolseley Racer

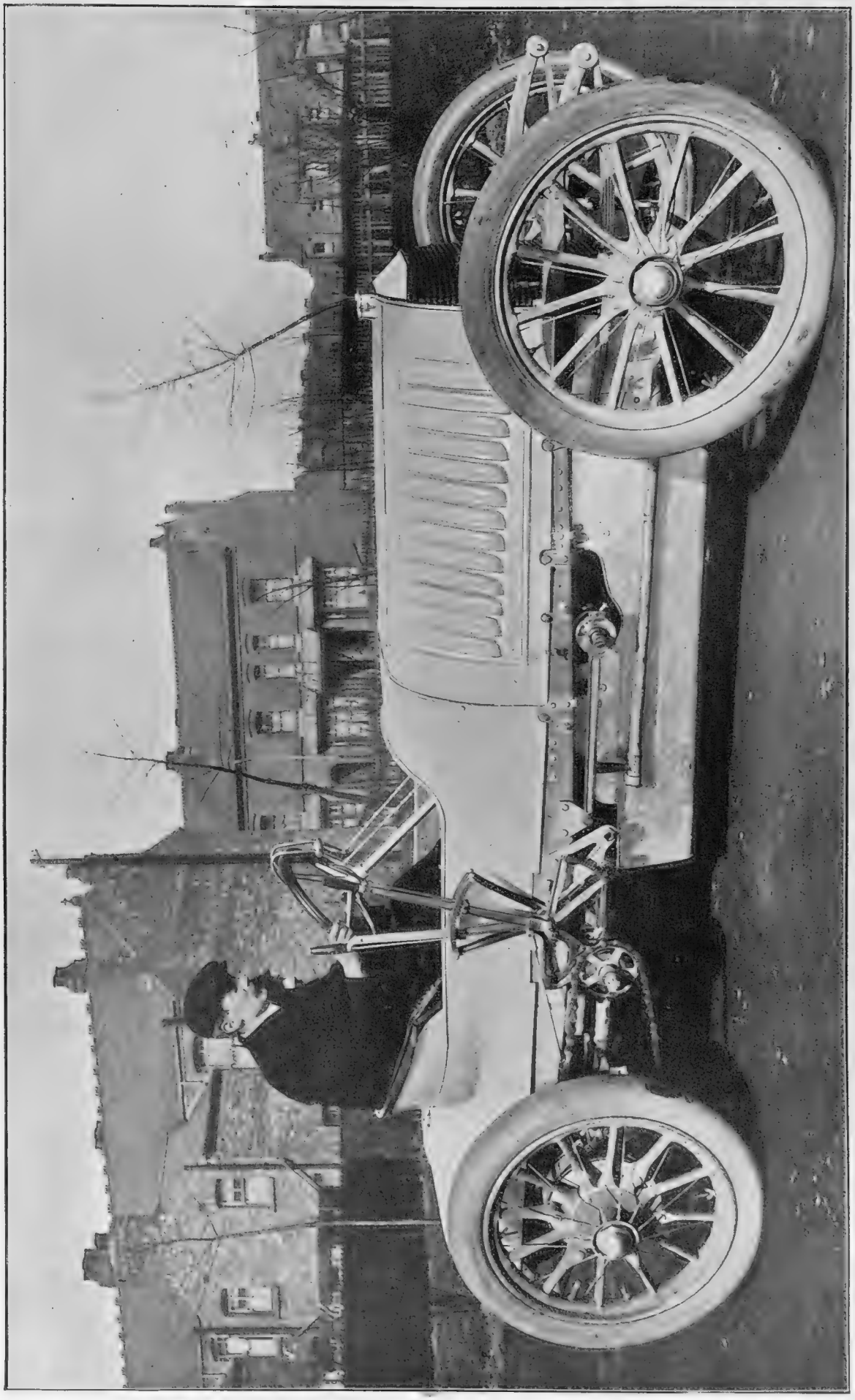
A few details of the 72 h.-p. racing Wolseley car may be of interest, as they embody the results of years of experience arrived at in the manufacture of the well-known and exceedingly sound and reliable touring cars for which this company is now justly famous. The wheel-base is 8 ft. 7 in., 4 ft. 6 in., 5-in. tyres on rear wheels, 3½ in front. The motor is of the horizontal type (a type constantly referred to in appreciative terms in these pages), and is suspended in the frame immediately below and in front of the dash-board, in such a position that the *mécanicien* may make adjustments while travelling, and is fed by an equalising carburettor of special design, one jet supplying the four cylinders. The radiator is fan cooled, and all the gear shafts run on ball bearings. Both axles are of I-shaped section steel, and the wheels have extra spokes of wire in tension to take the side strains, and all petrol and oil gauges and supply pipes, including also the commutator, are all immediately under the inspection of the attendant expert. The chief point of all is that, owing to the horizontal position of the cylinders the centre of gravity is low, and the car can take corners at a high speed with comparative safety. If the number of cars eliminated in the various trials owing to broken axles and general flimsiness is any criterion, the Wolseley cars should stand a fair chance, as they are probably as fast as is consistent with extreme reliability. When the race was once won by this country, mere speed had but little to do with it.

Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

The Decauville Car, 18 h.-p., four cylinder

A Lapse from Virtue

However virtuous one may profess to be in the matter of speed, it takes but little persuasion to tempt one to lapse from a state of grace, and the ensuing confession is in reality an account of my lamentable backsliding of recent date. The manager of The Motor Car Company having kindly placed a four cylinder Decauville car at my disposal, I availed myself of it just recently on the occasion of a meet of



A 72 h.-p. Wolseley

One of the Cars chosen to represent Great Britain in the Gordon Bennett Cup Race next Friday

the West Surrey Automobile Club, and on the punctual arrival of the car at my abode, whither it had been sent from London with the redoubtable Robson at the wheel, I felt that we were in for a certain amount of thrill, and so, in fact, it fell out. The route lay over the Hog's Back, and emerging from the throbbing welter of other vehicles assembled at the Club Garage, we breasted the steep part of the hill immediately on leaving Guildford, and gained the summit mostly on the top gear, where we waited patiently for the others, one of which happened to be another Decauville having a reputation for travelling at about 35 miles an hour, and to this we gave a lead. The road here for some miles is nearly perfectly flat, leading along the top of the ridge, and as there are neither houses nor cross roads, and as one can generally see about a mile straight ahead, it offers an admirable sprinting ground for automobilists in a hurry, without any danger or even risk, and is, therefore, somewhat largely exploited to these ends. Away we flew, with our friend behind us, going "all out," without the slightest vibration of shake, just a pleasant whirr, which did not at all interrupt ordinary conversation, the thirty-five mile an hour member of the club gradually falling away in our wake, and by the time we reached Farnham he was hull down. Here, with other cars, we foregathered at the hospitable mansion of a gentleman who, in 1895, made a car of his own of the most weird appearance. This was being driven about by his sons, to the great entertainment of all beholders, being still apparently full of life and vigour.

"Sorsey"

After tea we dispersed to the four corners of the county, ourselves returning by the ever-delightful Hog's Back, and enjoyed observing the consummate skill with which Robson cautiously negotiated corners, and passed other cars without doing anything to annoy their occupants. This identical car had already run over 20,000 miles, and had also been through the 1,000 miles reliability trials in the hands of the same driver without anything whatever requiring any attention, and so it was thoroughly well tuned up in all respects. And so, after a most pleasant and even exciting afternoon, we dropped down the steep hill into Guildford town, intending to crawl slowly up the steep High Street, but seeing a policeman salute me on the bridge, Robson was encouraged to open the throttle to get a bit of a run up the sharp "pinch" (there being no traffic about) without changing gear, which, having duly accomplished, he comically cocked his eye up at me observing, with a rich twang, "Looks a bit sorsey, don't it, wiv a copper a grinnin' at yer on the bridge?" Well, perhaps he was right. Who knows? But anyway he had hit off the right adjective. A saucy car is the Decauville, and smart withal. She looks well, travels well, and is both quiet and strong, and we will now for a moment advert to her inward parts, the cause of all this excellent running.

A Sound Car

First and foremost the Decauville is devoid of all complications, and, as far as I am any judge, there is nothing left in, that could well be taken out, but what there is, is solid. The well-known characteristic of this make is that the engine rests, not on the usual transverse girders, but on a solid steel shield, which also holds the gear-box, and which not only forms part and parcel of the frame itself (thus eliminating any possibility of side strains to motor or transmission), but is also in itself a most effective protection, keeping out all mud and dust. To this shield, then, is bolted the engine, the cylinders being in two pairs, exhaust valves on the left and inlets on the right, all being perfectly interchangeable. No variable lifts, no fast-running magnets, *nothing* to get out of order, simplicity being the dominant idea. Even the radiator is marked by common sense, and instead of being a soldered together honeycomb, is constructed of "expanded" tubes, as is a multi-tubular boiler, which, after even so long use, showed not the slightest sign of "weeping," and was, as a matter of fact, extremely strong and rigid.

Control and Transmission

The engine is governed on the inlet by the accelerator pedal, and is most smooth and flexible, as would be expected from four cylinders, and the drive is to an axle of special design, which, though technically a "live axle," is so strong and solid that it presents none of the ordinary objections to this type. It is, in fact, by far the best type of live axle which so far I have had the pleasure of seeing, and it can be actually taken out without disturbing the wheels themselves. Every time we stopped, the engine was restarted by merely switching on the current, there being always one cylinder having a charge in compression, and this is really a very considerable advantage; in fact, perhaps it is *the* advantage, in having a four-cylinder car, as by it the necessity of getting down in order to turn the handle is obviated. The 12-16 h.-p. Decauville costs £550, and although this is a fairly substantial sum, yet for a car of this type and pace, it is moderate. Altogether it is a car which should by no means be overlooked by anyone meditating the taking of the great plunge.

C. J. Mathon.

TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in our Automobile pages, for which we are reserving space.

We believe that by doing this we shall be providing a long felt want to motor lovers, as many bargains, agreeable to both parties, may thus be arranged.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be Is. 3d. per line with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

AMONG THE HAMPSHIRE STRAWBERRY-PICKERS AT BOTLEY

Romany Folk at work picking the Berries

Strawberry picking is anything but easy work though, strangely enough, the women workers bear the long hours of stooping in the sun better than men

Pickers waiting for their Strawberries to be Weighed

Each picker, as his or her basket is filled, carries it to the weighing machine to be weighed, and receives a ticket which is exchanged at the end of the day for cash

An Overseer weighing Berries

The usual rate of payment is about 2d. for every six pounds of fruit picked, and an energetic picker can earn as much as ten shillings a day

A Load of Berries on their way to the Station

As soon as the berries are picked and weighed, they are packed carefully in small baskets and sent along in market wagons to the station

Strawberries being packed for their Railway journey

The railway vans are specially constructed with shelves all round, and, packed upon these, the strawberries are sent all over the country, some even finding their way to Scotland and Ireland

A Pile of "returned empties" from the Metropolis

From Botley on busy days more than 30,000 baskets of berries are dispatched, as experience has taught the grower that there must be no delay if the fruit is to be delivered firm and fresh

NOTES FROM THE POLO GROUND

A Wet May

The weather, which was anything but favourable at the beginning of the season, went from bad to worse, and spoilt, not only the Hunt Challenge Cup at Ranelagh, but led also to the abandonment of the Roehampton and Hurlingham Tournaments. There was a good entry of eleven teams for the Roehampton Handicap but after a successful opening day's play, the rain prevented the tournament being continued. The following week another start was made with fresh entries; but polo being again impossible, the tournament was definitely abandoned. With regard to the Ranelagh Hunt Challenge Cup, the final should have been contested by Warwickshire (holders) and the Essex Union team, but the ground being too wet for polo on the Saturday fixed, the match was never played, and so, for the second year, the Warwickshire representatives had a "walk over," this being the third successive victory of that Hunt. The three years before that—1899, 1900, and 1901—the Pytchley Hunt, for whom Mr. Buckmaster was then playing, won the Cup.

Ranelagh Army Cup

Yet another tournament spoilt by the weather, was the new Army Cup at Ranelagh. Half-a-dozen teams had entered, including the regimental teams of the 1st Life Guards and the 2nd Life Guards, who were drawn together in the opening tie, the latter winning by four goals to one. This, as it happened, was the only game played, for, owing to the enforced postponement of play, three of the teams that had been specially made up for the tournament had to scratch, viz.: Aldershot Staff (Major S. L. Barry, Major J. Vaughan, Captain W. Long, and Major F. W. Kerr), "Heavy Brigade" (Captain G. Heseltine, Mr. F. A. Gill, Captain Neil Haig, and Captain the Hon. D. Marjoribanks), and "All Arms" (Captain Jenner, Mr. A. Rawlinson, Captain A. S. W. Harman, and Captain H. Lee), as well as the 2nd Life Guards. The only other team entered, the Roehampton Reservists (Captain H. Wilson, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, Captain E. D. Miller, and Captain H. Lloyd), having no one to oppose, thus became the first holders of the Cup.

Ranelagh Score a Goal against the Magpies

The scoring in this game was extremely one-sided, and the Ranelagh men, who were the victors by ten goals to two, had it all their own way. The Ranelagh team consisted of Captain Jenner, Mr. A Rawlinson, Mr. F. A. Gill, and Mr. H. Scott Robson

Polo at Ranelagh: A Snapshot of Play near the Stands

The defeated Magpies team consisted of Captain G. W. Hobson, Major J. Vaughan, Captain Ulric O. Thynne, and Captain H. Lee

Major J. Vaughan

Major J. Vaughan, D.S.O., who was to have played in the above tournament, and is a member of this year's Magpies team, is a well-known soldier player, who is on the Recent Form List. He helped the 7th Hussars to win the Hurlingham Inter Regimental in 1899, and also captained the 7th Hussars' team that won the last Ranelagh Subalterns' Tournament in that year. Last season he played a fine game for the made-up 7th Hussars' team—which included Prince Alexander of Teck—in the Inter-Regimental. Major Vaughan, who is a very keen player, while at the Staff College in 1902, successfully revived the Wellington (Berks) Polo Club, and this year he is on the Inter-Regimental Tournament sub-committee. After thirteen years' service with the 7th Hussars, Major Vaughan has just been gazetted to the 10th Hussars.

The Coming Inter-Regimental

There is a capital entry for the forthcoming Inter-Regimental, still, as of old, the most popular polo tournament of the season, for no fewer than eighteen regiments have entered a team. Never, since the tournament was instituted in 1878, has there been such a large entry, and it is evident that the new arrangements are working most satisfactorily. The members of the tournament sub-committee—Major Lord Charles Bentinck (9th Lancers), Major J. Vaughan (7th Hussars), and Major G. K. Ansell (6th Inniskilling Dragoons), with Major S. L. Barry as honorary secretary, arrange for the playing of the preliminary ties at Aldershot, and in London and Ireland, while the semi-finals and final will be played at Hurlingham early next month. Besides the Household Cavalry—1st and 2nd Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards—every cavalry regiment of the line now at home will be competing, that is to say, the K. D. G.'s, 5th, 17th, and 21st Lancers, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, and the 8th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 18th, and 19th Hussars. The Gunners have also entered a team, and the Coldstream Guards, Irish Guards, and 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers will also be represented. The 17th Lancers, who won the Cup last year, have lost the services of Major-General Douglas Haig. His place at back in the team will be taken by their new commanding officer, Colonel Portal, who played for the 17th when they won the All Ireland Regimental Cup in 1899.

The New Ranelagh Team

The Cup team which Mr. Gill and Captain Jenner have formed to compete in all the big tournaments, includes, besides themselves, Mr. A. Rawlinson and Mr. H. Scott Robson. The last named is a very fine back, while Mr. Rawlinson at his best is a most brilliant player. The team has been shaping very well indeed of late, their greatest feat up to date being the defeat of this year's Rugby team by seven goals to one. Then on Saturday, June 4, they met the latest team of Magpies (Captain Hobson, Major Vaughan, Mr. Thynne, and Captain H. Lee), who had not, I fancy, all played together before, and beat them easily by ten goals to two. L. V. L. S.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Amateur Championship: Mr. Travis's Victory

Messieurs, *chapeau bas* to Mr. Travis. Like Cæsar, the American champion can say: "Veni, vidi, vici." Mr. Travis's is truly a prodigious performance, and one that was as unexpected as it is remarkable. A little while back when writing in these pages about American golf, and tracing the history of its rapid development, I ventured to indulge in the anticipation that some day the Americans would send over a man who would wrest the blue riband of golf from us, and convert the prize into a golf America Cup. I little dreamed then, that day was so near at hand. But, as I write, the unexpected has happened; Mr. Travis has won his way through a most representative Championship, contest and has crowned his remarkable golfing career by wresting the Championship from the pick of our amateur golfers. It would, perhaps, be possible for those who, like myself, were on the spot and watched the whole tournament, to say. "If so and so had not happened, Mr. Travis would not have won." But "facts are chiels that winna ding," and it is best to face the facts, and recognise that the best and most consistent golfer won this year.

The Men Whom Mr. Travis Beat

The man who could in turn beat such fine players, among others whom he met, as Mr Robb, one of the strongest Scottish amateurs, Mr. Reade, an old Irish champion, Mr. Hilton, an ex-open and amateur champion, Mr. Hutchinson, last year's finalist, just now in better form than ever, and, lastly, Mr. "Ted" Blackwell, must indeed be a great golfer. His hardest fight was, as matters turned out his match with Mr. Robb in the second round. I had the pleasure of watching the last half of that struggle, and a finer one I never saw. On arriving at Sandwich, I had immediately asked about Mr. Travis's form, and was generally met with the answer: "Oh, pretty good, but no good against the really first flight." Much the same reply to the same query had been given me by members of Mr. Low's American team, with the additional information that his one strong point was his remarkable putting. So I joined the Travis-Robb match at the ninth hole, where I saw a wonderful stymie negotiated with unerring precision by Mr. Robb, and I soon saw enough to convince me that the most extraordinary putter whom I had ever seen

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

The Amateur Golf Championship Finals. W. J. Travis, the winner

The American crack from Garden City, Long Island, is seen driving from the third tee

Photo by *Baker & Dixon*

The Amateur Golf Championship Finals. E. W. Blackwell, the runner-up

The American Champion is seen on the right of the illustration, cigar in mouth, watching his opponent's stroke. With typical American coolness Mr. Travis smoked one cigar after another throughout the whole game

in the whole of my golfing experience, was playing in this match.

An Exciting Incident in the Match

At the eleventh hole an unfortunate incident happened, which, but for Mr. Robb's generous and sportsmanlike action, would have cost Mr. Travis the hole, and quite possibly, as events turned out, the match. Mr. Travis had laid the odd stone dead, his ball being only about six inches from the hole on the side further from Mr. Robb's ball, which was on the edge of the green. Mr. Travis's caddie was asked by Mr. Robb to stand at the hole, a natural thing under the circumstances, as his own caddie was engaged in handing him his club, and Mr. Travis's caddie was close to the hole. By some extraordinary stupidity, Mr. Travis's caddie misunderstood Mr. Robb's appeal to him, and to the horror of the bystanders stooped down and picked up Mr. Travis's ball. This action under the rules, *ipso facto*, penalised Mr. Travis one stroke, and as Mr. Robb ran his putt stone dead in the like, Mr. Travis, under the strict rules of golf, lost that hole instead of halving it. As he only won the match after a terrific struggle by one hole, this incident, if Mr. Robb had exacted the lawful penalty, might well have had a decisive influence on the result. But like a gallant sportsman Mr. Robb made no claim, and the ball was replaced and the hole halved.

The "Pound of Flesh"

I bring out this point, as to my mind it is the one little blemish in Mr. Travis's victory. In the morning, playing against Mr. Holden, Mr. Travis had immediately claimed the hole when Mr. Holden, under a pardonable misapprehension, grounded his club in the pot bunker to the right, beyond the ordinary range of bunkers, which have to be carried from the tee at the seventh hole. In that pot there is just now hardly a grain of sand visible, the ground being overgrown with bents and rough grass. Now, under the St. Andrews' rules, permanent grass within a hazard is not part of the hazard. In order to avoid endless points being raised on this matter, the Sandwich Committee included, among the bye-laws printed on the back of the sheet containing the names of the competitors, a note to the effect that there was no permanent grass in the bunkers of the Sandwich course. Clearly, therefore, Mr. Holden, when he grounded his club, lost the hole. I have no quarrel with that. I am only sorry that the St. George's Committee did not take pains to see that every competitor had his attention called to this local rule by the starter on the first day of the competition, and so prevented the possibility of a player of Mr. Holden's standing losing a hole by an action which, in the present condition of that bunker, did not give him any advantage whatever, beyond that which a player gets by grounding his club. What I wish to bring out is that those who play at bowls must expect rubbers, and it would have pleased me and many others much better if Mr. Travis, who had exacted his pound of flesh against Mr. Holden, had recognised that it was incumbent on him to abide by the mistake of his caddie in the match against Mr. Robb, and had insisted on having the penalty of the loss of a stroke exacted against himself. It is with great reluctance that I have brought out this incident, but it would have been grossly unfair to Mr Robb if I had omitted to record his most generous and sportsman like action.

Mr. Travis's Form

I have rarely seen any player who gave me a greater impression of playing with his head "all the time," as the Americans say, than Mr. Travis. He recognised that, in the present condition of the Sandwich links, where the past wet seasons have produced an abnormal growth of grass on either side of the fair green, and where, therefore, a pulled or sliced ball means terrible disaster, straightness was of much more value than length. In all the rounds I saw him play, his length from the tees scarcely ever varied. He rarely was off the course. He nearly always managed the necessary carry, however long, and on the day of the final, which was played in a very strong and difficult wind, he conclusively proved that he was as good on a windy as on a calm day, and that the longest carries had no terrors for him. Relying on his extraordinary putting powers, he evidently said to himself, "Provided I keep straight, and reach the green in the same number of strokes as my adversary, I shall beat him." In Mr. Robb and Mr. Hutchinson he met, and defeated, two of the finest short game players we can bring forward, while, in addition to this, the latter is now quite equal to the longest drivers. It is true that Mr. Hutchinson had had the sting taken out of him by his hard struggle in the morning with Mr. Maxwell, but these are the chances of the battle, and the man who means to win the Amateur Championship must be prepared for severe tussles right along the line from the start. I heartily congratulate Mr. Travis on his magnificent performance, which he won by sheer dogged determination, by fine and consistent play throughout, and by the most phenomenal putting ever exhibited by a player throughout a succession of matches spreading over four days.

In Conclusion

I have only space now to add a word of congratulation to Mr. Blackwell on the gallant fight he made, and on having, for the first time, reached the final and secured the silver medal. It was amusing to see him the next day solemnly marching round with a putter like Mr. Travis's tucked under his arm. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* I wish, dear readers, we all had shares in the patent of those putters, for the run on them has been enormous since Mr. Travis's display with his.

"Songs of the Links." By R. K. Risk

There has recently appeared a slim book of verses which is full of such good things, and makes such a direct appeal to the golfer in all his many moods that I have no hesitation in recommending my readers to purchase it. The book is entitled "Songs of the Links," by Mr. R. K. Risk, and contains some excellent verses in the style of Omar Khayyam and Mr. Kipling. A good many of them have already appeared in the pages of *Golf Illustrated*, but golfers will, I make no doubt, welcome the chance of possessing them in a collected form. Mr. Risk sings the whole gamut of the golfer's joys and woes. I cannot refrain from quoting three stanzas from the poem in the style of old Omar, which strike me as particularly happy :

> Think, in this Northern City, old and gray,
> Where men talk golf all night and play all day,
> How many million players with their clubs
> Abode a little while, and went their way.
>
> And all the cracks of yore who once discussed
> Of Baffy spoons so learnedly, are thrust
> Like slim pot-hunters forth ; their words to scorn
> Are scattered, and their iron clubs are Rust.
>
> Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Club-makers' shops, and heard great argument
> Of grip and stance and swing ; but evermore,
> Learned and bought little I did not repent.

Lack of space forbids me to quote any more of Mr. Risk's charming verses, in which, with gentle and humorous irony, he touches the foibles of the golfer, and extracts the philosophy of life from the varying aspects of the game. I shall await with interest Mr. Risk's next venture into the domain of golfing verse.

Ernest Lehmann

Amateur Golf Championship : The gallery following the play from the first tee

INTERNATIONAL GOLF: ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND AT SANDWICH

SCOTSMEN VICTORIOUS BY SIX MATCHES TO THREE

The Scottish Team

STANDING (from left to right): C. R. Smith, W. Fernie, J. Braid, W. Park, R. Thomson, A. Simpson
SITTING: J. White, A. Kirkaldy, A. Herd, B. Sayers, J. Kinnell, G. Coburn

The English Team

STANDING (from left to right): R. Jones, E. Ray, T. Williamson, F. Collins, A. H. Toogood, G. Pulford
SITTING: T. Renouf, T. Vardon, H. Vardon, J. H. Taylor, E. Gray, J. Sherlock

FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB MEET IN HYDE PARK

Lord Ancaster, Colonel Shuttleworth, Mr. S. Hope Morley, Colonel Atholby (Coldstream Guards Coach), Colonel Sir Alfred Somerset

The names are in the order of the coaches as they appear in the illustration from left to right

Captain Vallentin driving the Royal Horse Artillery Coach

Behind the box seat are Earl Roberts and his daughter, of whom only Lady Aileen Roberts is visible

THE ALAKE AND AGRICULTURE:

ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW, GUILDFORD

Parade of the Prizewinners

The Alake and Suite do the Rounds of the Show

Lawn Tennis: The Middlesex Championships

The "W.G." of Tennis

The Chiswick Park Tournament suffered from very adverse climatic conditions for the first few days. Indeed, on the first two of them not a stroke was played. However, for the remainder of the week the weather showed a great change for the better. H. S. Mahony, who is quite as wonderful a veteran at tennis as "W.G." is at cricket, again retains the Championship of Middlesex. F. W. Payn met him in the final, and was discomfited to the tune of three sets to one, the score being 3—6, 6—1, 6—2, 6—4. Mahony evidently enjoyed Payn's snippy volleys and half volleys, and, out-placing his opponent time after time, undoubtedly deserved his victory.

The Ladies' Play

Mrs. Sterry and Miss Douglass played a ding-dong match in the final of the Ladies' Championship, but Miss Douglass won by 4—6, 6—1, 6—3. Mrs Sterry stepped into the final after defeating Mrs. Greville by 6—2, 6—3. Miss Douglass had an easier time of it with Miss D. Boothby, who only obtained one game in two sets. Miss Boothby, nevertheless, plays a very charming game, but was obviously suffering from nervousness in meeting the lady champion.

The Lady Champion's Career

Miss D. K. Douglass learnt her tennis at the Ealing Common Club, developing quite early the speciality of her severe forehand drive and her skill in placing Her first "Cup" victory in open tournaments was the Kent All Comers Championship at Beckenham in 1901. In the year 1902 she held five Open Championships with Challenge Trophies, including the South of England and the East of England. In 1903 she held eight Open Championships, including the record win of the three All England events in the same year; that is, the All England Singles at Wimbledon, the All England Doubles at Brixton (with Miss Ethel Thomson), and the All England Mixed at Manchester (with Mr. F. Riseley). This year she has added to these the Covered Courts Championship at Queen's Club, London.

A Correction

By a printer's error in my remarks last week on the subject of Messrs. Mass's racquets, the name of the firm was spelt Mars. My readers will, no doubt, have seen that it was a mistake, and have understood that the reference was to the firm in Paris.

QUIDNUNC.

C. J. Glenny
Who was defeated by H. S. Mahony in the semi-finals of the Gentlemen's Singles for the Middlesex Championship

Miss D. K. Douglass
The English Lady Champion, who won the Middlesex Ladies' Championship recently at the Chiswick Park Tournament

Miss D. Boothby
Who played against Miss D. K. Douglass, the holder of the ladies' championship, in the semi-finals at Chiswick Park

F. W. Payn
Who was defeated in the final of the Gentlemen's Singles by H. S. Mahony, the latter thus retaining the championship

The final of the Gentlemen's Singles for the Championship of Middlesex
F. W. Payn secured the first set against Mahony at 6—3, but the champion won the next two sets easily with scores of 6—1, 6—2. The fourth set was more exciting, Mahony eventually winning it at 6—4

Bridge. By "Problematicus"

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTION OF OUR SIXTH FORTNIGHTLY COMPETITION

It is pleasant to find that but few of our original competitors have lost heart and fallen away, and to find new ones, and many of them good players, entering every week. The further prizes of the charming BYSTANDER playing-cards seem to prove very attractive. Readers are reminded that there is still time to enter for our Seventh Fortnightly Competition. The Rules of the competition and the one hand for solution appeared in last week's issue (June 8). Entries for this competition must reach the office not later than the first post on Friday, June 17.

Pressure on our space last week prevented me from answering an objection of a competitor, who wrote pointing out that rule 7 is unnecessary at Double-dummy Bridge, since you have no partner to whom to give information. I do not agree with him. I have said that I wish these competitions to be not only methods of winning prizes, but also exercises in the game; therefore, it is a good thing that competitors should play the hands, save when they obviously lose a trick by doing so, as at ordinary Bridge. It would be a pity if they should acquire a careless slackness from an exercise which is meant to improve their general play. For example, Y always leads before Dummy is exposed; if he opens a long suit, I expect him to lead his fourth best, or king from ace, king, from king, queen, etc., and so on.

This week the First Prize of **£3 3 0** has been awarded to:

A. A. C. DAVIS, Esq., 27, Wemyss Road, Blackheath.

For the Second Prize of **£2 2 0** three competitors tie, therefore the Third Prize has been added to it, and Prizes of One Guinea each have been awarded to:

TALBOT HASSELL, Esq., Tynemouth, Northumberland.
F. R. W. ATKINSON, Esq., 16 Burngrear Road, Sheffield.
H. C. WRINCH, Esq., Villa Viola, Davos Platz, Switzerland.

Nine further Prizes of Two Packs of THE BYSTANDER Playing Cards, in a box, are awarded to:

A. N. Brushfield, Esq., Mrs. Hacking's Nursing Home, York Place, Oxford Road, Manchester.
Arthur Mason, Esq., Oakwood, Walton-on-Thames.
A. Teixeira de Mattos, Esq., 9 Cheltenham Terrace, Chelsea.
E. M. Kelly, Esq., Kelly Cottage, Tavistock, Devon.
E. H. Montauban, Esq., West Mount, Dover.
Mrs. R. G. Hely-Hutchinson, Falmouth House, Cargate Avenue, Aldershot.
Major H. H. Rich, R.A., Mountain Ash, Abbey Wood.
Major C. T. Shipley, Royal Fusiliers, Aldershot.
Miss Lina Nicholson, Wyebank, Hereford.

SOLUTION OF OUR SIXTH FORTNIGHTLY COMPETITION

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♡ 3	♡ 9	♡ Q	♡ A
2	♣ 2	♣ 3	♣ A	♣ Q
3	♡ 6	♦ 6	♡ 5	♡ 10
4	♠ 2	♠ 3	♠ 4	♠ K
5	♠ A	♠ 5	♠ 6	♠ Q
6	♦ 3	♦ 9	♦ A	♦ 5
7	♡ K	♣ 4	♡ 4	♡ J
8	♡ 8	♠ 9	♦ 2	♡ 2
9	♣ 6	♣ 10	♣ 9	♠ 8
10	♦ J	♠ J	♠ 7	♡ 7
11	♣ 8	♣ K	♠ 10	♦ 7
12	♣ J	♣ 7	♦ 4	♦ 8
13	♦ K	♣ 5	♦ 10	♦ Q

Result:
Y Z win 7 Tricks.
A B win 7 Tricks.

A has to decide whether he will declare hearts or No-Trumps. The hand seems to be of equal value, whichever he declares, and, therefore, he makes the higher declaration, No-Trumps. As it turned out, he only loses one trick in No-Trumps, and if he had declared hearts, he must lose two.

There are many variations of the possible play of the cards; and I believe that the winner of the First Prize pointed out every one of them in his notes.

The chief point is, that A must unblock spades, and give his partner a card of re-entry.

W. B. O.—The Code of Leads was given in our issue of April 20.

The Competition, of which the solution and prize-winners are given above, was the sixth in our series of Fortnightly One-Hand Competitions, and appeared in our issue for May 25. Next week will be given the hand for our Eighth Fortnightly Competition for similar Cash and Consolation Prizes.

Cards from THE BYSTANDER Bridge Box.

Pig-Sticking in India

Silhouette Scenes by Captain Theodore Tharp

The Pig-sticker

The mighty Boar

Riding for "First Spear"

At Bay

These clever silhouettes are a revival of an almost forgotten art. Each picture is cut out of one piece of paper, without any drawing

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Somebody Must Speak Out

It is time somebody spoke out and spoke out strongly. The difficulty hitherto has been that the editor, who is at the same time chivalrous enough and bold enough to give a mere woman the opportunity of saying exactly what she and other women think about him and his sex, has been difficult to find. I am not sure that he has been found yet, but if these remarks, which I promise you, my sisters, shall not be lacking in vigour, are actually printed in THE BYSTANDER, we shall know that we have found at least one man to whom the truth is beginning to come home, and, more important still, who is willing to go some little way towards making amends.

The Stupidity of Man

The eternal, invincible, smugly complaisant Stupidity of Man in everything that concerns women is a large subject, and, of course, we shall be told, to begin with, that no woman has sufficient grasp or sufficient perseverance to deal with a large subject. Well, we needn't waste time in quarrelling. Here, at any rate, is a woman who is going to try. There is no need to be vitriolic, no need to be spiteful. The truth shall be told on this page, but it shall be told with calmness and self-restraint—two other qualities, it may be remarked, which women are usually held to be entirely devoid of. We shall see.

His Parrot Cry of Superiority

We must deal with the subject in detail. Men have been telling so many—well, I have no objection to using the word "lie" where it is deserved—so many *lies*, then, about women for so many years, that people have come to believe them, simply because they have been repeated so often. Even if one felt inclined to descend to the weapons that are used against us, which any self-respecting woman would scorn to do, it would be of no use. Mere iteration is a parrot's trick, and it has only been successful in this instance because the men parrots have had the sole opportunity of talking. They take very good care that it shall be so.

An Instance of His Unfairness

There is an evening paper, for instance, which occasionally delivers itself over to be edited for a time by eminent people who are not professional journalists. Mr. Daniel Leno has edited it, the late Dr. Parker edited it, Mr. Herbert Campbell has edited it. But has a woman ever edited it? Oh, dear me, no! That would never do. And yet, I suppose, there *are* a few eminent women in the world. The Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy has brought to bear on the problems of religion a brain no less active than that of Dr. Parker; and I have yet to learn that Mr. Herbert Campbell emulates the nightingale with greater success than Madame Patti. But no, my sisters! If we wanted to do so, we should not be given an opportunity of getting up a parrot cry of our own, however truthful.

The Weapon to Use

But we do not want to. We prefer the weapon of pure reason, which, again, man, in his detestable arrogance, is accustomed to claim as his monopoly. If he has got any honesty in his composition, we will convince him; if he has got any capacity for shame, we will make him blush; and even if he has neither, we will at least make him uncomfortable. And to this end let us examine in detail a few of the points upon which he is accustomed to mistake our views and outrage our intelligence.

Does Man Understand Woman's Dress?

Look at the ridiculous and even contemptible descriptions of women's clothes given in any man's novel you like to take up. "She wore a dress of some white filmy material." That is about the closest you ever get to realities. Some white filmy material! Or, if it isn't that, it is "soft clinging draperies." We know those "soft clinging draperies," we women. Fivepence three-farthings a yard in the Edgware Road, made up at home, and a hat to match. And then they think that they can make everything right by dabbing in a red rose at the waist, or, if it is in the evening, in the hair, with a nauseous sop about white gleaming shoulders, thrown to appease vanity.

The Man Who Did

I did once talk to a man who took an intelligent interest in woman's clothes, and only once. He took me in to dinner, and began it himself by admiring my gown, not fulsomely and in general terms, as is the way with men who wish to flatter one, and think, in their ignorance, that that is the way to do it, but soberly, critically, with well-balanced, and yet discriminating, taste We got on so well together, and were so wrapped up in one another, that neither of us spoke to our other neighbour until the ices were handed round. Then his attention was drawn by the lady on his left, and the man on my right said, "He bears it well, doesn't he?" "Bears what well?" I asked. "His rise in the world," he replied. "He was a shopwalker at Peter Marshall's, in Oxford Street, and married old Lady Blenkinsopp, who admired his noble carriage." Well, I don't care. He knew what he was talking about, that man, and I think he thoroughly deserved his good fortune.

CALPURNIA.

[*If any of our lady readers wish to correspond with Calpurnia, letters will be forwarded, and, if of sufficient interest, dealt with.*]

LEAP YEAR

Miss ANCHESTER *wants to marry* Mr. BURTON. Mr. BURTON *wants to marry* Miss CARLTON. Miss CARLTON *wants to marry* Mr. ARCHER, *who doesn't want to marry anyone.*

SCENE: *Pavement, Adelaide Crescent, Brighton. A winter's afternoon,* 4.30. Miss ANCHESTER, *a lady of forty (approximately), who wears a militant expression, a short skirt, and no frillies, collides with* Mr. BURTON—*a nervous-looking man with observant eyes and a cynical mouth.*

"I beg your pardon. I am extremely sorry," he said, clutching at his hat, partly because he wanted to take it off, and partly because the wind was doing so.

"Oh, don't be sorry," said Miss Anchester looking very coy and wishing that she had on her best frock, "You are the very person I wanted to see. Do come in to tea."

"I am afraid I can't," said Burton. He invented a lie of such indifferent quality that the wind wafted it away.

"What?" inquired Miss Anchester in a voice that successfully defied the wind.

"I can't," he said firmly. "I am engaged."

"Engaged!" asked a voice behind him. "Who to?" Miss Carlton, a lady of nineteen birthdays and as pretty as a flower, who was passing unobserved. made Burton a curtsey. "Are you going to be married? May I be your bridesmaid?"

"I couldn't bear to see you in an inferior position," he said politely. "If you would consent——"

Miss Anchester interfered with more vigour than discretion.

"He's not engaged to be married," her voice vied with the wind and won. "You are always thinking of getting married, Marian."

Burton left off clinging to his hat. "She wasn't last week," he sighed.

"I was." Marian's voice rang verity in every cadence. "But he wasn't."

"How do you know?" demanded Miss Anchester, in the voice that insists upon an answer.

"He doesn't know," said Miss Carlton, with a scarlet face.

"He ought to," said Miss Anchester in her worst manner.

"Oh, woman . . . woman!" sighed Burton.

"Woman . . . Woman . . . I spell her with a capital. I am sick of women," snapped Miss Carlton. "I am a woman myself."

"I want to meet Crosland," said Miss Anchester, looking immensely cross herself.

"Brute," said Miss Carlton with tremendous emphasis. "You mean the 'Lovely Woman' man. I do hope that he will spend this life in a very cold place and eternity in a very hot one. I vote we have some tea. The mere word Crosland makes me feel quite ill."

. . . . .

"Do you take sugar in your tea, Mr. Burton? Oh! I beg your pardon, Marian, I was quite forgetting you," apologised Miss Anchester.

"Well, in spite of the wicked libels on them, I love all women," interposed Burton hastily.

"I admire the feminine woman," said Miss Anchester softly—at least, as softly as she could.

"I know a pretty thing when I see it," said Burton, with his eyes riveted on Miss Carlton's face.

"Do you prefer Early Victorian or Late Edwardian?" asked Miss Carlton, who was not shy.

"Any period," smiled Burton, "but Restoration. By the way, I heard Archer say the other day that he could not understand how beauty and woman could ever be associated in anyone's mind."

"Mr. Archer said that?" The pretty pink in Miss Carlton's pretty face deepened, and she looked very angry. "Why, he's an artist."

"No one worthy of the name of artist is dependable on such a subject," said Miss Anchester in her best manner.

"It's awful to think that sometimes the ambition of the subject is dependent on the whim of the artist," said Burton, looking hard at Miss Carlton, who had forgotten to drink her tea. "He's an awfully conceited chap," he added; "lots of frills on."

"Why shouldn't he have?" asked Miss Carlton indignantly. "*He* is very clever. *He* will get on."

"All the women are in love with him," said Burton enviously.

"I am not," said Miss Anchester archly.

"No one will succeed in marrying him," said Burton. "He's the sort of man who doesn't see why he should keep another man's daughter."

"You wait a bit," said Miss Carlton, looking very determined.

"Do you really think you can marry a man if you want to?" said Miss Anchester, regarding Burton with an amorous eye.

"Not if he doesn't want to," said Burton hastily, rising as he spoke.

"I bet you £5," said Miss Carlton, "that I marry the man I want to, whether he wants to or not."

"Done," said Burton, and was very sorry directly afterwards.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Anchester. "Are you going to propose to him?"

"I am," said Miss Carlton calmly. "And I am going on proposing to him until I wear him out and he accepts me for the sake of peace. Then I shall marry him and pay him out. It's Leap Year. Why shouldn't I?"

She won her bet, but Miss Anchester still pursues her quarry. Archer helps her. He doesn't see why he should be the only man undone.

F. STEWART.

(All right reserved)

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Some Notes from Paris

From our correspondent in Paris, Ambrosine and I learn what was obvious to us, during our flying visit a few weeks ago, that the gown, *toute blanche*, of embroidery and lace, is carrying all before it. That this is an unmitigated but wholly delightful extravagance, every woman must admit ; and just how many of us are going to face our banking account after the season is over, is a story that has yet to be told.

Originality, too, lurks in the description of boldly-patterned, foulard gowns veiled in an over-dress of black tulle, and apparently Tussore has once more come and conquered, ornamented with a tiny white silk braid, or insertions of that effectively coarse Mimosa lace.

Worn by the supremely elect is an Incroyable coat expressed in rich silks and brocades, the skirt set in full folds about the waist, and standing out in quite aggressive fashion. Ambrosine and I have been discussing this departure, and cannot find any reasonable hope of its becoming, in any way, a distinctive vogue over here at present. However, one never knows, and our duty is done in chronicling the event.

A confection that has been specially dedicated to Ascot is pictured here, a dream of *ciel* taffetas and white lace, the quaint little coat opening upon a *gilet* of white suède, held together by a clasp of turquoise set in silver.

A picture hat of quite Romney persuasion accompanies this gown, wreathed with the tenderest pink roses, minus any foliage, and tied beneath the chin with pale blue *souple* ribbon strings.

A dainty Ascot Gown

In *ciel* taffetas and white lace, the little coat opening upon a *gilet* of white suède

And yet another offering from the Gay City is a faithful portraiture of one of those deftly folded plateau shapes, that scarcely seem to be understood over here at all, with great La France roses in strange harmonies, tucked in and about the flutes in enchanting disarray.

Leghorn and crinoline both lend themselves to this treatment, and we are especially elated at being able to provide so admirable a portraiture of an exceptionally charming toque.

Clippers of the Clouds

On "a night in June, a lovely night in June!" it was decreed by the fates who rule our destinies that we should experience our first sensations in flying through the air. Sir Hiram Maxim's machine is surely one of the successes of the season, all the fashionable world flocking there, eager to experience the latest sensation. And, there is no denying, that the mind, once divested of the possibilities of a mishap with those apparently slim iron ropes, this gliding movement through space is eminently delightful.

Here and there one meets a dissentient spirit, but they are usually of the type who make it a rule of life to come in, tortoise-like, at the end of the race. Bicycles are, to such folk, still an excitement. Motor-cars merely intangible figments of disordered brains, and flying machines insignia of incipient insanity. Apart from these few, however, the Earl's Court Exhibition is proving itself a surpassingly good entertainment, thanks to the said flying machine, Venice at night, and the well-maintained Italian spirit throughout. The very stalls of bijouterie and

A finely carved Table of Italian Walnut, in the style of the French Renaissance.

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bric-à-brac are, for the most part, convincingly genuine, while collectors, given to the pursuit, will pause long and lovingly over the glassware shown.

They Married and Lived Happily Ever After

There has been a complete epidemic of weddings in the land, and it is one that shows no sign of abating, either, for another month at least. Some few, alas! have come our way, and we are naturally the poorer by the events, albeit one affair shall be granted the grace of having put us into interested touch with some of the latest wall papers and brocades at the great Waring's, in Oxford Street.

To Ambrosine is accounted quite a nice little taste in such matters, and her opinion, consequently, is sought; though, be it said, not by any means always followed—gratuitous advice is too cheap to be really valued. Anyway, the tacitly accepted character of connoisseur was responsible for us both spending a morning with a bride-elect at Waring's, where it was related to us that plain fillings and hand stencilled friezes are amongst the desirable wall coverings of the moment. A very notable novelty is gold leaf on canvas, which is then put through a flocking process, the result appealing as a lovely production.

The silk flock papers, again, are regally beautiful, many copied from old brocades, while a stripe that, even to the touch, might be verily silk and velvet, is one of the triumphs of the day.

For halls, billiard-rooms, and the like, Waring's are employing a canvas paper, really canvas cloth, to which some process is applied at the back, whereby it can be pasted to the wall. Skilfully fitted, it is absolutely impossible to distinguish the joins in this, and the wear is almost endless; added to which, the colours are singularly comprehensive and attractive.

There is a marked feeling here, also, and it is one that can only be accepted as significant, for old Dutch chintz designs, the colourings whereof are reproduced with a faithfulness which would have been impossible a few years ago. A boudoir addicted to the gathering together of rare old bits of Dutch marquetry, or even Chippendale, would find one of these chintz papers make a capital background. But, in company with all the prevailing artistic world, Messrs. Waring find green, preferably the stronger, richer tones, wholly irresistible.

Before the curtains we paused in amazed delight; here the edict has gone forth that plain centres, ornamented with a broad chintz or brocade border, placed a slight distance from the edge, shall be the order of window drapery; and truly, nothing more desirable could be wished. By reason of certain half-completed decorative schemes, our choice fell on some green taffeta curtains, the border a seductive thing of roses on a cream ground. A silk and cotton taffeta represents wonderful value at 6*s.* 9*d.* a yard, double width, *bien entendu;* while an accompanying border works out at 1*s.* 6*d.* the yard. It will, we are sure, come as something of a surprise to many that Messrs. Waring deal in such popular prices; but such is a fact, and, what is more, they are enabled to do these moderately priced goods in such a way as is practically impossible to less distinguished houses.

A Picture Hat from Paris

These hats are made in Leghorn and crinoline, with great La France roses tucked in and about the flutes in careless, becoming disarray

The Cult of the Coiffure

Now we would beg of everyone to make no mistake in this matter. The high-dressed coiffure leads, a dressing distinctively, definitely, uncompromisingly high, the hair swept upward, and rather close to the head at the back, with the sides moderately *bouffant*, and melting into the new pompadour, which can best be described as taking a Marie Stuart dip in the centre. And the droop of the *toupée* has effectually dismissed the presence of even the slight incidental little love-locks, we have recently been pleased to designate a fringe. The question of the actual dressing resolves itself largely into a matter of combs, an admirable institution being the semi-circular back comb, this achieving, with far less effort and more general success, the aspect hitherto contrived with three separate combs. Pins are very little worn, while Court dressings display a mountain of high, soft *poufs*, just a little early Victorian in suggestion, and perfection for the support of the nodding plumes and the crown tiara.

Some quite young girls are affecting the broad Grecian plait, carried completely round the head, the *toupée* rather elaborately dressed in a series of soft rolls or *poufs*, and oftentimes augmented by an outspreading velvet bow, placed directly at the back of this erection. There is a certain type of young face allied to fair hair, which carries off with becomingly youthful *éclat* the above described, rather elaborate arrangement, the same girl invariably affecting the picture hat, with upward sweeping brim. For no matter what fashion dictates, women must necessarily be broken up into types, a natural diversity, for which we fashion chroniclers are duly thankful.

The Bystander, June 15, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 28.—Vol. III. Wednesday, June 15, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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PRINCELY DOMAIN FOR SALE in one of the favourite Home Counties and Estate of nearly 3,000 acres with Manorial Rights over 9,000 acres. A magnificent MANSION and extensive park, comprising noble sitting hall, fine suite of reception rooms, winter garden, some 20 bedrooms, extensive stabling, excellent out-buildings, electric light and all latest conveniences, and improvements. Excellent shooting. Full details, apply GILLOWS. (12,291)

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HAMPSTEAD.—To LET or for SALE, a very light and attractive RESIDENCE, containing; 3 reception. 2 bath & 7 bedrooms, large garden. Rent, £130, price, £1,850, lease, 80 years, ground rent, £15 10s. (40,126)

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RULES.

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2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
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It contains square central hall, charming drawing room in the Adams' style, fine old dining room with oak-panelled walls and ceiling, quaint Dutch Snuggery, Eastern Divan or smoking room, ten bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms fitted with porcelain baths, tiled walls, and every up-to-date appliance, two w.c.'s and lavatories, the sanitary fitments being absolute perfection. Main drainage. Gravel soil. Servants' hall, and very convenient offices, well removed. The hall, corridors, and some of the principal rooms are heated by hot air coils, and hot and cold water is laid to each floor.

An Adams' Style Bedroom, with Fitted Furniture

The Dutch Snuggery

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Motor house, photographic dark room and dynamo house.

The **pleasure grounds and miniature parklands** extend to about twelve acres, affording pleasant rambles; the whole beautifully matured, and shaded by a profusion of ornamental trees and shrubs.

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include full-size croquet and tennis courts, flower borders, Dutch garden, fern and rose walks, a lovely chestnut drive, extensive kitchen and fruit gardens, partly walled; the whole in splendid condition. There is a

MINIATURE GOLF COURSE,

Garden houses; pretty cottage or gardener's lodge covered with wistaria creeper, another cottage, seven large greenhouses, and other useful appointments.

A PROFITABLE FEATURE of the gardens is a range of vineries 700ft. long, and at present sublet, which last year produced 12,000 to 15,000 lbs. of GRAPES.

A Corner of the pretty Drawing Room decorated in the Adams' style

For cards to view and fuller particulars, apply to HAMPTON & SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square, who have inspected and very strongly recommend this remarkable freehold.

Sweets to the Sweet

An experiment of highly interesting character is being made by the Chocolat Poulain Company to develop the sale of their chocolate and cocoa. Everything has to have a beginning; but the Poulain Company reveal intentions of starting midway. So convinced are they—to make a long story short—of the superiority and purity of their goods, they are actually laying out £6,000 in endowment policies, issued by one of the best British Assurance Companies, payable in cash at the age of twenty-one, for children under sixteen years of age, together with 10,000 prizes in goods; these to be competed for in a writing competition, full details whereof will be found on slips of paper contained in each packet of Chocolat Poulain. It all sounds delightfully exciting and adds very materially to the already existing, fascination of admittedly the best sweetstuff concoction in existence.

Mothers, perhaps, alone know what is due in the way of thanks to chocolate for improved health conditions, few up-to-date nurseries being now permitted to own any other confection.

The Menu

Some Seasonable Dishes for Summer Weather

Green Pea Soup
Fillets of Sole and Macaroni au Gratin
Aspic of Chicken
Aspic Jelly
Iced Curry in Cucumber Cases
Curry for the Cases
Ripe Fruit Salad with Cream

GREEN PEA SOUP

Ingredients: 3 pints stock (made from bones), 1 pint shelled peas, ½ pint pea-shells, 1lb. spinach, 1 gill of cream, 1 onion, small piece of butter, 1 oz. flour, white pepper and salt to taste. Slice the onion and fry in the butter; put this into the stock, adding peas and pea-shells; boil gently until the peas are quite tender; strain off the liquid. Boil the spinach, and partially squeeze it; rub the peas and spinach through a wire and then through a hair sieve until perfectly smooth. Mix the flour with a little cold stock, and add gradually to remainder of stock; make hot. Stir in the purée seasoning, and, just before serving, the cream. Hand small sippets of fried bread with this soup. The addition of spinach greatly improves the appearance of this soup, which should be of a pretty pale green colour.

FILLETS OF SOLE AND MACARONI AU GRATIN

Take several small fillets of sole (lemon sole or plaice), lay them in lemon juice and pepper. Grease a flat fire-proof dish, place in it a layer of small boiled macaroni, then the fish, then a little more macaroni. Moisten well with fish or any white stock, and cook in the oven, until the fish is done. Make ready some good white sauce, flavoured with cheese, pour over, sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, and brown in the oven.

ASPIC OF CHICKEN

Ingredients: Aspic jelly, one or two cold chickens, a few slices of ham, some gherkins and beetroot, two hard-boiled eggs. Cut the chicken and ham into small pieces. Melt the jelly, pour some into a mould. Let it set, then put in some of the hard-boiled eggs (yolks and whites), chopped gherkin, and beetroot; arrange them according to fancy. Pour in some more jelly; when it is firm, put in some chicken and ham, then more jelly. Continue in layers, adding beetroot, egg, etc., till the mould is filled. Put in a cold place. To turn the jelly out, place the mould in warm water for a minute. Serve the jelly on an entrée dish with a nice salad and mayonnaise sauce.

ASPIC JELLY (An easy and economical recipe)

Ingredients: 1½ pints of water, 2½ oz. gelatine, juice of 2 lemons, ¼ pint mixed of tarragon, malt, and Chili vinegar, white and shells of two eggs, the whites to be slightly beaten, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 onion, 1 stick celery, rind of a lemon, parsley, 10 peppercorns, salt, 1 small wineglassful of Marsala. Wash and cut up the vegetables. Break gelatine into small pieces, and put into a good-sized enamelled saucepan with the water. Add all the other ingredients (except wine), and commence to whisk at once over the fire until it boils. Directly it boils, stop whisking, and put on one side of the stove for ten minutes, then strain through a jelly bag or cloth, and add the Marsala. Pour in a glass jar, and when it is firmly set it is ready for use. This jelly will keep good for some time.

ICED CURRY IN CUCUMBER CASES

Prepare cases of cucumber by cutting off neatly peeled lengths, stamp out in a fluted shape, and hollow out in centre. Stew gently half an hour, fill with following curry. Prepare fairly early, and stand on ice.

CURRY FOR THE CASES

Two tablespoonfuls melted butter, ditto curry powder, 1 ditto lemon juice, 3 small onions, minced fine. Simmer ten minutes, then add ½lb. of finely minced veal, and simmer for half an hour. Then add 1 pint skim milk, simmer slowly two hours, till all moisture is nearly absorbed.

RIPE FRUIT SALAD WITH CREAM

Take 1 lb. of strawberries, ½ lb. of red currants, ½ lb. white currants, ½ a pint of cream, ½lb. of sugar. Pick the fruit, place it in layers piled high on a glass dish; sprinkle the sugar over, then pour over the cream, but not until a few minutes before serving. Cherries and raspberries may be added if wished. Serve wafers or Savoy biscuits with the salad.

EMILIA.

Household Hints

HOW TO WASH LACE

BLACK LACE.—Wash in strong cold tea, and stiffen in gum water, and iron on the wrong side.

WHITE LACE.—Steep well and squeeze in soap lather (a penny packet of Lux is the best to use), pin on a flannel pinned round a quart bottle, and leave on the bottle until dry.

TO MAKE LACE LOOK LIKE NEW AFTER WASHING.—Starch with cornflour made in the same way as ordinary hot starch. Iron on the wrong side, not to spoil the raised pattern.

TO CLEAN A GREY FELT HAT

Brush over the hat with a paste made of calcined magnesia mixed with cold water. Allow it to dry thoroughly, and then brush off. Two applications may be needed.

EMILIA will be glad to answer questions on cookery, etc. Please address, EMILIA, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment.

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Telegrams: "CANNSTATT, LONDON." Telephone: 10,714 CENTRAL.

This picture postcard is from Mr. Frederic Whiting, who, some time since, sailed for the Far East, where he will act as Our Special Artist Correspondent

THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Picture Postcard Craze

Though one may question the sanity of the picture postcard craze, it is certain that its popularity has created a demand for sensitised cards on which the amateur photographer may print his own views. We have received, from Messrs. Cadett and Neall, samples of two of their brands. The "Dacas" postcards correspond to the various gaslight papers, with which we have lately become familiar, and may be manipulated in ordinary artificial light with perfect safety. For those who prefer the dark-room method, however, bromide cards remain, and on these very good effects may be obtained with the minimum of trouble. The renowned Eastman Company are exploiting a brand of printing-out paper known as the Aristo, which is termed self-toning, and, indeed, requires only to be fixed to yield a result quite equal to that obtained by toning and fixing with other papers.

Our Supplement

Our Supplement, this week, is another of the tastefully coloured series of portraits of well-known actresses with which we made a commencement last week, the charming subject being Miss Clarita Vidal.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Double Garden." A Book of Essays by Maurice Maeterlinck. (George Allen.) 5*s.* net.

"Three Fantasies." By Barry Pain. (Methuen.) 1*s.*

"Humours and Emotions of Golf." (Blades, East and Blades.) 1*s.*

"The Log of H.M.S. Amphion, 1900-1904." By G. C. Watson, R.M.L.I. (Westminster Press.) 4*s.* net.

Guide to Belgium, with Maps, Plans, etc. (A. and C. Black.) 2*s.* 6*d.*

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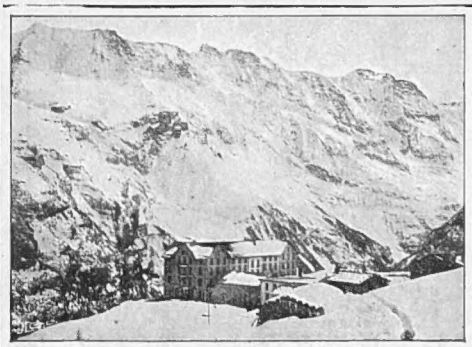

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Entered as second-class matter at New York (N. Y.) Post Office.